Copyright, 1900, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 420 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mahoney Pool E R W29 01
Williamsport Pa

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 173, No. 29 *Philadelphia, January 19, 1901* Five Cents the Copy

Through the Crisis in American Politics

Personal Recollections of Ex-Speaker Galusha Grow

Through the Crisis *in* American Politics

Personal Recollections *of* Hon. Galusha A. Grow

By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

CONGRESS contains no more venerable or striking figure than Galusha A. Grow, who on March 4 will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into that body. No man now in public life has had a more singular career. Forty years ago no prediction as to his future would have been considered too roseate. He entered Congress before he was thirty, and quickly became a leader in an arena where only brains, force and character count in the long run. No anti-slavery champion struck sturdier blows in the stormy, eventful days which preceded the Civil War. From 1861 to 1863 he presided with exceptional firmness and ability over the deliberations of the popular branch of the most potential law-making body in our history.

Then a reapportionment of his State robbed him of his seat in Congress in the flush of his fame and powers, and thereafter he held no public office until six years ago, when he was called from honored retirement and made Congressman-at-Large. To this post he has been thrice reelected, and his second period of Congressional service promises to end only with his life. Time, moreover, has dealt gently with the veteran, and at seventy-seven, save for the whiteness of his hair and beard, he looks the man of fifty. His mental powers are undimmed, his voice clear and resonant, his grip firm, and his step has all the spring and buoyancy of youth. He has a retentive memory that rarely plays him traitor, and his store of anecdote and reminiscence is an unusually rich one. During the long afternoon's talk which formed the basis of this article he was not once at a loss for a name or a date.

Ex-Speaker Grow was born in Connecticut and reared in Pennsylvania. The eldest son of a widowed mother, his youth was one of toil and rigid self-denial, but he managed to work his way through college, and was graduated with honor at Amherst. After that, having studied law, he became the partner of David Wilmot, and, in 1851, at the age of twenty-seven, succeeded that eminent man in Congress. Behind his first election lies an interesting story best told by Mr. Grow himself.

Hon. Galusha A. Grow in 1850

How Mr. Grow Began His Public Life

"Wilmot," said Mr. Grow, "was originally a Democrat, but in 1848 he supported Van Buren, the Free Soil candidate for President. This fact, coupled with the authorship of the famous proviso which bears his name, won him the ill will of an influential element in his party, and there was trouble when he came up for reëlection in 1850. Another Democratic candidate, James Lowrey, was put in the field. Wilmot, seeing there was small chance of the election of either, announced his willingness to withdraw from the canvass, provided Lowrey should do the same, and that a candidate whom he regarded as sound on all public questions should be named in their stead. Lowrey promptly accepted this offer, and submitted to Wilmot a list of gentlemen, any one of whom, he said, he would support as a compromise candidate. My name was on Lowrey's list, and, of course, was cordially agreed to by Wilmot. It was not known, however, that I would accept the nomination thus thrown in my way, as, a few months before, ill health had compelled me to abandon the law for the time being, and turn to an outdoor life on my mother's farm. A committee was, accordingly, deputed to visit me and ascertain my wishes in the matter. Its members found me at work on the farm and made known their errand. I agreed to accept the nomination provided it came from both wings of the party, and a week later was elected by a decisive majority.

"Wilmot, to whom, in chief measure, I owed my seat in Congress, was a man of strong natural parts, and one who deserved well of his country. Physically he bore a close resemblance to the late Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana. Mentally, he could truthfully be termed a great man. He possessed sterling common-sense, was a sound lawyer and a good judge. He was not a general reader, but he studied men and he knew whom to trust. He thought out his propositions at home, and when he came to speak to the people he was well-nigh irresistible by reason of the homely garb he gave his arguments. He invariably used plain illustrations, such as all could understand, and his countenance bore such sincerity that the farmers and miners would go away and say: 'Well, Wilmot knows it, and puts it right!' Pennsylvania has never brought forth a man who possessed such unlimited control over the judgment of his auditors, and when he was the first Republican candidate for the Governorship, in 1857, his speeches were the boldest, the most logical and convincing ever delivered in any campaign in the State. More than that, he could see clearly into the future (no mean gift for a public man fifty years ago), and it stands to his credit that the position he took on the slave question—the only just and righteous one—he steadily maintained during his public career. I often call to mind a talk we had soon after his return from the last session of the Congress which passed the Fugitive Slave Law and the famous compromise measures which the Whig and Democratic parties united in declaring a final and conclusive settlement of the slave question. 'We have reached a period,' said he, 'in the settlement of the matter. How long the truce will last I cannot say, but the old trouble will break out again; it is bound to. It will not down. There can be but one real and lasting settlement of the slavery question, and that will come only with the abolition of slavery.' A dozen years later these words proved prophetic.

Prince John and His Funny Law Argument

"One of Wilmot's most devoted friends was John Van Buren, best remembered as 'Prince John.' In the fall of 1850 he came on from New York to help Wilmot in his fight for Congress, only to find the latter out of the race. He at once consented, however, to stay until the end of the campaign and make speeches in my behalf. I saw much of him at this and subsequent times, and came to know him well. He was a man of extraordinary gifts, and to me it is a lasting source of wonder that he should now be almost forgotten. Unlike his father, Martin Van Buren, he was of splendid physical proportions—a man whom it did the eye good to look upon whenever he appeared in public. In wit and humor he was without a peer at the bar or on the stump, and he gave free play to both on all occasions. He was once engaged to argue a case before the General Term of the Supreme Court in New York City. There was, unfortunately for him, little legal merit in his side of the case, and he had not got far in the argument of his first point before the presiding Judge interrupted him with the remark that he could see nothing in it. 'Then I shall go to the second point,' he said; but soon the presiding Judge broke in with: 'Mr. Van Buren, there doesn't seem to be anything in your second point.' Van Buren replied, 'Then I shall take up my next point,' only to be halted by the presiding Judge with the same remark that had been made in respect to the other points. Van Buren said: 'Then I shall waste no further time on my third point, and shall at once argue my fourth point.' Thus he went through his different points, the presiding Judge saying in respect to each, 'There is nothing in it.' When Van Buren finished the argument of his last point, the presiding Judge, after a whispered consultation with his associates, said: 'Mr. Van Buren, after consultation we all agree that we cannot perceive that there is anything in *any* of your points.' Said Van Buren, throwing down his papers upon the table: 'I *never* could see anything in any of them; but, as Your Honors are so much better lawyers than I am, I did not know but that *you* might.'

"Van Buren gained a national reputation as a stump speaker in the Free Soil campaign of 1848. Men of a younger generation can hardly realize the extent of his popularity, or how great was his fame. But he threw away the chance open to him to become a controlling influence in politics when he fell back into the Democratic party in 1853. Had he remained true to his Free Soil record he, instead of Fremont, would probably have been the Republican candidate for President in 1856, with strong chances of election."

Ex-Speaker Grow was not a stranger to Washington when he went there to take his seat in Congress. He had visited the Capitol while still a lad in his teens, and delights to tell how at that time he walked from Alexandria to Mount Vernon and back, making youthful yet appreciative pilgrimages to the places most closely associated with the name of our first President.

Washington's Desolateness in the Fifties

"Washington, in 1851," said Mr. Grow, "was but a promise of the noble city of to-day. Though it then had a population of 40,000 it presented much of the appearance of an overgrown village. Its houses, as a rule, were built of wood and destitute of architectural pretensions. Many of its avenues and walks were unpaved and ill kept, and there were few squares, or shades, or places of public resort. Not a street was lighted except Pennsylvania Avenue. Southeastern Washington was cut off from the rest of the city by a wide, shallow canal, which extended from the Potomac nearly to Capitol Hill, and was a receptacle for the city's filth and refuse. There was not a sewer in the city; weeds grew in the parks and commons; the present Departments and the Capitol were unfinished, and stables, wooden fences and patches of bare earth surrounded the White House.

"Washington's social life, however, has never been more animated and delightful than it was during my first years in Congress. The receptions of President Fillmore, a stalwart man of fifty, with broad, florid features, shrewd gray eyes and with dignified speech and bearing, were always well attended, and so were the occasional entertainments given by Queen Victoria's Minister, Sir John Crampton, a splendid specimen of the old-time English gentleman, with hair prematurely whitened. There were also frequent dancing and dinner parties, and a constant round of house-gatherings to which were invited those in political sympathy with the host of the evening. One of the most popular houses in Washington at that period was that of Senator Dickinson, of New York, whose accomplished wife was acknowledged by all as a social leader. Her husband was devoted to her; and when, while Senator, he visited the little town where she had been educated, he said to the directors of the academy 'that though he had never studied at their institution, he had carried off its greatest prize.'

Jenny Lind and Mr. Webster Giving a Duet

"Jenny Lind visited Washington during the winter of 1851, and sang in concert to a delighted audience. It chanced that on the evening of her appearance several members of the Cabinet and Senate were the guests at dinner of Bodisco, the Russian Minister, and the concert was half over when Webster and the other members of the party entered the hall. After the applause which greeted their appearance had subsided, the second part of the concert was opened by Miss Lind with Hail! Columbia. Webster, deeply moved by this patriotic air, arose at the close of the first verse, and added his rich, sonorous voice to the chorus. Without avail, his wife, who sat behind him, pulled at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing. The volunteer basso joined in at the close of each verse, and none could tell whether Lind, Webster or the audience was most delighted. As the last notes of the song died away Webster arose, hat in hand, and made a profound bow to the singer. Jenny Lind, blushing at the honor, courtesied to the floor, while the audience applauded to the echo. Webster, not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Lind recourtesied; the house again applauded; and this was repeated nine times.

"After Jenny Lind came Louis Kossuth. During the last days of December, 1852, and the first of the succeeding month, the former Governor of Hungary was in Washington as the guest of the nation. He came upon an invitation from Congress and was honored with every possible mark of respect and admiration. The Senate and the House welcomed him in joint assembly, and he was given a public banquet at which Senator King presided, with the famous Hungarian and the Speaker of the House on his right and Webster on his left. No foreigner except Lafayette has received such a welcome in the United States, and Kossuth was worthy of all the honor that was heaped upon him. His handsome presence, the marblelike paleness of his complexion, caused by hardship while in prison, and the picturesqueness of his foreign dress, captivated the popular fancy; while, more than all, his wonderful eloquence and the fervor with which he pleaded his country's cause, left an influence upon the hearts of those who heard him that nothing could destroy."

Mr. Grow entered Congress as a Democrat, but from the first he was a staunch and outspoken opponent of the extension of slavery. When Congress repealed the Missouri Compromise he publicly and permanently broke with his old party associates, and became the Congressional leader of the newly-formed Republican party. He was once its caucus candidate for Speaker, and finally the presiding officer of the first War Congress. This last was not, however, before he had become the trusted friend of Abraham Lincoln.

"It was in 1857," said he, "that I first met the future President—an awkward, unmistakable figure that remains forever stamped upon my memory. When I first met him he did not impress me as being a great man. His greatness was then, in a measure, still dormant. The war developed and brought out the latent qualities of leadership within him that would never have become manifest save under such trying conditions. As a judge of men and as a gauger of public opinion and sentiment he was almost infallible. His gifts in this respect were truly marvelous, and have never, to my knowledge, been equaled. Every time I met him (and for two years I was with him several times each week) I was deeply impressed by the grandeur of his character, brought into strong relief by the lights and shadows of the war.

The Political Conservatism of Lincoln

"President Lincoln had also the cunning that amounts to genius. The first draft for the Union Army was made in 1862. There was then no national conscription law, and the draft was executed under the various State laws. Considerable opposition to it was manifested in several parts of Pennsylvania. In Cass Township, Schuylkill County—a centre of the Molly Maguires—there were threats of open rebellion. The draft was made, but, on the day fixed for the conscripts to take the cars for Harrisburg, the criminal element of the district not only refused to respond to the call, but its leaders appeared at the

station, and, by threats and force, made it impossible for others to respond. Governor Curtin at once reported the facts to Secretary Stanton, whose reply was that the draft should be enforced at every hazard. More than that, he placed two regiments, one in Philadelphia and the other at Harrisburg, subject to the orders of the Governor, with instructions to send them at once to the scene of revolt.

"Curtin, however, knowing full well the peril to the loyal cause of a conflict between the military and the citizens, asked Stanton by wire to reconsider the subject. The Secretary's reply was a second order to enforce the law at the point of the bayonet. Curtin now decided to lay the matter before Lincoln, and this was done in a long cipher telegram. An afternoon and night passed without bringing a reply. The following morning, however, a messenger from the President appeared in Harrisburg and sought out Colonel A. K. McClure, who had charge of the draft. 'Say to McClure,' was the substance of the President's message, 'that I am very desirous to have the laws fully executed, but that it might be well, in extreme emergency, to be content with the appearance of executing the laws.' Colonel McClure acted promptly upon the hint thus given him. He sent for Benjamin Bannan, commissioner of the draft for Schuylkill County, and, explaining the situation and the instructions of the President to that official, told him that in a number of cases evidence had been presented, after the quotas had been adjusted and the draft ordered, to prove that the quotas had been filled by volunteers who had enlisted in some town or city outside of their townships. In all such cases, if the evidence was clear, the order for the draft was revoked because the complement of men had been filled.

"Bannan, a man of unusual intelligence and discretion, took the first train home. The evening of the following day he was back in Harrisburg with a number of affidavits in regular form, apparently executed by citizens of Cass Township, which proved that their quota was entirely full. Colonel McClure asked no explanations, but at once indorsed upon the testimony that, as the quota of Cass Township had been filled by volunteers, the draft was inoperative in that district, and its conscripts would not be held to service. Meantime Curtin had halted the troops at Harrisburg. They were now ordered back to their camps. Thus was averted a conflict between the military and the Molly Maguires. None of the members of Lincoln's Cabinet knew of his intervention in this matter, but had Stanton been allowed to have his way, a conflict would have been begun in Pennsylvania that would have dealt a heavy blow to the power of the loyal people of the State."

The Birth of the Famous Homestead Law

Mr. Grow, during his single term as Speaker, presided over three sessions of the House. One of them was a called session, which met on July 4, 1861, and ended on August 6. During those five weeks, when armies and a navy had to be created and ways and means provided for their support, and when the general policy of the Government toward the seceded States had to be defined, so far as this could be done by legislation at that early day, more work of vital importance to the nation was done than was ever transacted in Congress in any period of equal length before or since.

To this result Mr. Grow, by his efforts, contributed in generous measure.

"No man who was ever Speaker," wrote the late William S. Holman, "more largely or more beneficially influenced the general course of our legislation. He was a born leader among men."

It is not, however, upon his record as Speaker that Mr. Grow looks back as the most important chapter in his public career, for he has a right to be considered the author of the Homestead Act, which was signed by President Lincoln on May 20, 1862, and went into operation on January 1, 1863.

"I early came to believe," said he, "that the Government should not make the public lands a source of revenue, but that it should bestow them in small homesteads on those without land, for actual settlement and cultivation. My first speech in Congress was made in support of a bill embodying this doctrine. The Southern leaders did not care to see the Territories settled by a class of small farmers who, coming from the free States, would be naturally of anti-slavery proclivities, and their opposition delayed the passage of the Homestead Law until after the breaking out of the Civil War. I introduced five bills at five different sessions of Congress before one was finally passed and became a law, as it did while I was Speaker. It was one of the most gratifying moments of my life when I had the pleasure of signing this bill. The policy of giving homesteads and of securing the public lands to actual settlers appealed to the convictions and interests of the new States, and more especially to those of the Territories."

Mr. Grow's modesty prevents him from telling the whole story of the Homestead Law. The act of 1862, which, with the amendments adopted in succeeding years, is still on the statute books, notwithstanding the fact that it did not provide adequate safeguards against speculation in the public domain, was one of the most beneficent acts ever passed by Congress. Under its provisions more than 6,000,000 acres of public lands were entered in 1899, and over 200,000,000 acres since it went into effect, thirty-eight years ago, while more than four million people have obtained free homes, and a tract larger in area than all the thirteen original States has been peopled.

Mr. Grow's outlook upon present-day men and affairs is colored by the mellow optimism which seems to me the finest fruit of a long life spent in well-doing. He is a hearty believer in the integrity of American citizenship and the expanding greatness of the Republic. "New conditions," said he, "bring new duties, but the public men of to-day are as honest and able as those of an earlier time. Indeed, public life has been growing steadily purer and stronger, until to-day it is more worthy of the nation than at any time since war established us a nation. These busy and practical days have brought scores of practical men to both houses of Congress, men who are in every way equal to the tasks imposed upon them, and who in the variety and importance of the results accomplished challenge triumphant comparison with the legislators of other days. Not only is Congress, as a body, one that merits trust and confidence, but the excellence of the public service in all its branches should excite the pride of every citizen. To me, the times in, and the Government under, which we live seem the best that have thus far been given to men."

Editor's Note—This article is prefatory to a series of papers by Mr. Grow on some of the statesmen of the past generation, the first of which will appear in an early number of the magazine.

HIS LORDSHIP

A Comedietta in One Act

By M. E. M. Davis

CHARACTERS:

MRS. KATHARINE FARRINGTON: *a young widow; owner of Sea View Villa.*
MISS HELEN PAGE, *cousin of* MRS. FARRINGTON.
MISS JESSIE VINCENT. | *Guests of* MRS. FARRINGTON.
MISS POLLY EASTMAN. | *Guests of* MRS. FARRINGTON.
ANNETTE, *alias* ERNESTINE, COMTESSE DE LA VILLE. | *Guests of* MRS. FARRINGTON.
SIR HENRY TIPTON
MR. MARMADUKE CRAFT.
JACK BRADY: *reporter for the Hightee Gazette.*
TOM BOYNTON: *reporter for the Decolletie Chronicle.*
JAMES ROBERT, HANLY.

SCENE: *Sea View Villa, Pass Christian.*

TIME: *afternoon and evening in June.*

COSTUMES.—MRS. FARRINGTON, first, deep mourning, widow's cap. Second, black dress, low corsage, baby sash and shoulder knots of red. Red rose in hair.

JESSIE, first, tennis suit. Second, white muslin with green sash and ribbons.

POLLY, first, white morning gown, garden hat. Second, white organdy, yellow sash.

HELEN, first, pink cambric gown, garden hat. Second, same gown, maid's cap and apron.

MARMADUKE CRAFT, very correct costume of white flannel, English monocle and cane.

JACK and TOM, business suits or white duck.

JAMES ROBERT, very loud costume. Checked trousers, yellow vest, baggy coat, flashy tie, colored shirt, large watch-chain.

SCENE I

(*Lawn at Sea View Villa. Seats, etc. Benches on each side. Watering-pot, rake, etc. Garden wall in rear. Placard bearing the legend, Sea View Villa, over entrance. R leads to street, L to house.*)

(*Enter* MRS. FARRINGTON *L, followed by* HELEN, *who carries some red roses.*)

MRS. F. (*sitting down on bench L.*): No, Helen, my dear. Don't *ask* me. I cannot, *cannot think* of relieving by even so much as a bit of white linen these sombre emblems of my grief. Never! Never!

HELEN (*kneeling beside her coaxingly*): Oh, Cousin Katharine; just one flower! What is a flower! One rose!

MRS. F. (*pushing her away*): No, never! My poor Charles abhorred red. His tastes were so quiet, so genteel, so refined. I remember well how he used to say to me, "Katharine, my love, a loud color indicates a loud disposition." His c-cra-vats (*beginning to sob*) were always of the palest green, the most heavenly blue, the most fairylike purple! And he has told me a thousand times that I was adorable in p-p-pink. (*Sobs.*) Poor, d-d-dear Charles! (*Sobs violently.*) No, Helen, I will wear black until I die. And I know I shall d-d-die y-y-young!

"No, never! My poor Charles abhorred red. I will wear black until I die"

HELEN (*soothing and petting her*): There, now, Cousin Katharine, don't cry. (*Rising, aside.*) How she must have worshiped Cousin Charles! (*Sits down on bench R.*) I am sure no one ever suspected it while he was living! (*Pause.*) Bah! (*Contemptuously.*) I don't believe in love myself. Stupid, foolish, *asinine* feeling!

(JESSIE *has entered unperceived from street R. She carries a tennis-racket and looks mannish.*)

JESSIE: Shake, Helen! I quite agree with you. And as for *men*, I am sick of the very sight of them. Give *me* a horse, or a boat, or a dog and gun. (*Swaggers about.*) Or, if I can do no better, a tennis-racket. (*Crosses over to* MRS. FARRINGTON.) Have the letters come, Mrs. Farrington?

MRS. F.: Not yet. Marmaduke Craft has gone to the post-office.

(*Enter* POLLY *from street R. She throws herself down on ground and leans against a bench R.*)

POLLY: Oh, *how* Heavenly this solitude is! This manless paradise!

HELEN (*laughing*): Where does Marmaduke Craft come in, Polly?

POLLY (*contemptuously*): Marmy! A thing like that! Oh, *he* don't count, don't-cher-know! (*Mimicking.*)

(*Enter* MARMADUKE CRAFT, *with letter-bag, from street.*)

MARMA.: Eh! Ah! Oh! Mrs. Fawington, I have bwought the lettahs, don't-cher-know. (*Hands her the bag.*) Beastly hot. I actually wained pwespiwation as I came along, pon my honah. I met a fellah out in the woad who asked me why I didn't cawy an umbwella. He! he! he! For the wain, don't-cher-know! (*Suddenly solemn.*) Beastly joke. By Jove!

(MRS. FARRINGTON, *who has opened a letter, gives a shriek of dismay.* MARMADUKE *jumps and looks scared. Girls all spring up, crying* "What is it? What has happened?")

HELEN: What *has* happened, Cousin Katharine?

MARMA.: Let *me* pwotect you, deah cweature.

MRS. F. (*impatiently*): Don't be a fool, Marmaduke Craft! (*Wrings her hands.*) Oh, *how* awful! Brother Joe writes me from the city that his friend, Sir Henry Tipton, whom he visited last year in England, has arrived and—— (*Reads from letter:*) "I have invited Tipton to spend a few days with you at Sea View Villa. I know you will be delighted to entertain him. I cannot come over with him, but Henry is a capital fellow. The best fellow in the world. I know you will like him. But he has rather peculiar tastes in some directions. I simply mention this in passing. He has a violent penchant for bright colors, delighting particularly in reds, greens and yellows. He adores the fair sex. He likes 'em vivacious. At the same time womanly. Mind that, Kate. Tell the girls to keep him amused. I forgot to mention that Tipton's valet is ill. So I am sending over a man who I think will suit. Sir Henry has not seen him, but he has orders to report to you at Sea View. Sir Henry himself will arrive by the 3:30 afternoon train." Oh, *how* could Joe be so inconsiderate of my sacred grief! My widow's weeds! (*Sobbing.*) My poor, dear Ch-Ch-Charles would *never* have done such a thing. Ch-Ch-Charles was so con-con-considerate.

(MARMADUKE *picks up another letter from the ground.*)

MARMA.: Eh! Ah! Oh! Mrs. Fawington, you dwopped this, don't-cher-know.

(MRS. FARRINGTON *opens it, screams, and almost faints.*)

ALL (*running to her*): What is it? Oh, *who* is dead?

MARMA.: Let *me* pwotect you, deah Mrs. Fawington.

MRS. F.: *Don't* be a fool, Marmaduke Craft! (*Holds up letter.*) Here, *here* (*tragically*) is another stroke of Fate. This letter is from Mrs. Toftly. Oh, I'll get even with *her*. (*Reads:*) "Dear Katharine, this will give you notice of the immediate arrival of the Countess Ernestine de la Ville, who is leaving New Orleans by the 3:30 afternoon train for the Pass. I have taken the liberty of inviting her to stay with you at Sea View. She wishes to write a book about the Pass, its climate, resources, attractions, inhabitants, etc., and will stay one night for the purpose of taking notes. (*General exclamations.*)

(MRS. FARRINGTON *shrieks again. All run to her again, crying,* "What has happened? What is it now?")

MARMA.: Let *me* pwotect you, deah Mrs. Fawington.

MRS. F. (*distractedly*): The *maid!* Oh, don't you remember that I sent off the parlor-maid this morning! Oh, my adored Ch-Ch-Charles, why are you not here! What *shall* I do! I have advertised for a maid, but of course I shall not be able to get one to-day. A Lord and a Countess to dinner and only the cook! Oh, *oh!*

HELEN (*sitting down by her, resolutely*): I'll tell you, Cousin Katharine. Listen. They will be here only a day or two at the most. I am sure *I* do not want to have anything to do with Joe's Sir Henry or with an old frump of a French Countess either. *She* is airy, I know. And of course *he* is a prig. I hate him in advance! *I* will play parlor-maid.

"Eva not so! I will put eet in ze book"

MRS. F.: Oh, no, Helen, I cannot allow it.

HELEN (*rising*): Not a word. I am resolved.

(MRS. FARRINGTON *kisses her and consents. Exit* HELEN.)

JESSIE: Well, I will go and put away my tennis-racket. (*Exit into house.*)

POLLY: I must go and take off my hat. (*Exit into house.*)

MRS. F.: I must go and c-c-compose my feelings. (*Exit into house.*)

MARMA. (*looking after her*): Superb cweature! Er—ah—oh, don't-cher-know. (*Exit into house.*)

SCENE II (*The Same*)

(*Enter after a moment* HELEN *in cap and apron. She carries a broom and pretends to sweep the lawn. Hums a tune. Enter* SIR HENRY *from street. He has a small traveling-bag and an umbrella.*)

HELEN (*contemptuously*): Oh, the new valet, I suppose—common-looking fellow. (*Aloud.*) You should have come in by the *back* gate, young man!

SIR H. (*surprised*): Oh, I beg pardon. . . . I thought . . . Is this not Mrs. Farrington's place, Sea View Villa? (*Looks up at sign-board.*)

HELEN (*hands in pockets, smartly*): Yes, it is. And you are Sir Henry Tipton's new valet, I suppose.

(SIR HENRY *attempts to explain.*)

HELEN: Don't waste your valuable breath, young man. Sir Henry has not arrived yet. The ladies are expecting him. But they are not par-tic-u-larly glad to see him, I can tell you!

SIR H. (*aside*): This is interesting with a vengeance! To be taken for my own valet! And for a timid fellow like me it is not especially reassuring to hear that I am unwelcome. Joe declared they would receive me with open arms. (*Aloud.*) Well, young woman——

HELEN (*interrupting*): Don't you young woman *me*, Mr. What's-your-name. What *is* your name, by the way?

SIR H.: My name! Oh— (*Aside.*) What the deuce *is* my name? For I'll be confounded if I had not rather be the man than the master until I can get away from this place! My name (*aloud*) m-m-m-my name is—Briggs.

HELEN: Very well, Briggs. Just you march out to the kitchen until your master arrives. Get along with you. (*Sweeps him out with the broom.*)

HELEN (*alone*): Well, I *am* getting on! And I declare it's fun, after all Cousin Katharine's doleful woe! (*Exit into house.*)

SCENE III (*The Same*)

(*Enter* JACK *and* TOM *from street. They look about curiously.*)

JACK: Now, Tom Boynton, old man, I want you to help me out, d'ye hear? I'm reporting for the Hightee Gazette. (*Produces writing-pad and pencil.*) And I've been sent over to get all the news I can, including description of Sea View Villa, dresses, etc., of inmates, especially of Sir Henry Tipton, an English gentleman traveling in this country, who is visiting here, and of—let me see—(*refers to notes*)—of the Countess de la Ville, expected at the Sea View to-day. Mrs. Farrington is understood to have a most unreasonable aversion to newspaper people in general. Hence strategem is necessary. I am bound to get everything, by hook or crook. It's a scoop for the Gazette, you know.

TOM: What do you want me to do?

JACK: Well, what I propose is this. I have been here at the Pass two days already observing the habits of the family. They come out upon this lawn every afternoon an hour or so before dinner. If the nobility arrives I shall present myself at that hour in the character of a book-agent. You've got to carry the samples while I get the notes. See?

TOM: Yes, I see. Brilliant idea! Worthy the great mind of a Hightee Gazetteer! We shall get kicked out, I suppose.

JACK (*cheerfully*): Oh, certainly! But that will not matter so the Gazette gets a scoop.

TOM: I'm your man, Jack. I'll meet you at the Magnolia Hotel in an hour.

JACK: Thanks, old fellow. So-long. I'll go and make necessary preparations. (*Exit into street.*)

TOM (*looking after him*): Jack Brady is a good fellow, but he's an awful fool. He does not suspect that *I* am reporting for the Decolletée Chronicle. (*Takes out writing-pad and pencil and writes.* Hm. Hm. "Palms." Hm. "Benches." Hm. Hm. "Watering-pot." *Puts up note-book.*) I'll jump to the telegraph office and send this off by way of a starter. Capital stuff—especially the watering-pot. By Jove, a tip-top scoop for the Chronicle! (*Exit laughing.*)

SCENE IV (*The Same*)

(*Enter* POLLY *L fluttering with yellow ribbons. Carries a book.*)

POLLY: "Womanly, yet vivacious." In other words, demure, yet frisky! I wonder if I can manage it! (*Sits down on bench R meditatively.*)

(*Enter* JESSIE *L fluttering with green ribbons. Carries a bit of embroidery work.*)

JESSIE: Lively, yet feminine. Namby-pamby, yet larky. Lamblike, yet canty. Meek, yet mettlesome. Jessie Vincent, you've got to show your spunk this time or throw up the sponge! (*Sits down on bench L.*)

POLLY (*coming forward*): Oh, Jessie Vincent! Fie on you! Green ribbons for His Lordship!

JESSIE (*jumping up*): Polly Eastman! Aren't you ashamed of yourself! At your tender age, too! Yellow ribbons for His Lordship! *You*, who adored a manless Paradise!

POLLY: *You*, who were so sick of men! (*They burst out laughing.*)

JESSIE (*suddenly solemn*): I don't mind you, Polly. We are both in the same boat. I am willing to admit to you that I *am* pretty weary of the "eternal feminine." But, oh, Polly Eastman! (*in a dejected whisper*) *what* will Mrs. Farrington say? Poor, dear, broken-hearted soul. What *will* she say?

MRS. F. (*outside*): Yes, Mary Ann. Tell Sir Henry's valet to await his master in His Lordship's apartment. (*At sound of her voice the girls clutch each other and huddle to corner R.*)

(*Enter* MRS. F. *L fluttering with red ribbons. Carries a piece of old-fashioned knitting. Sits down on bench L.*)

MRS. F.: "Womanly, yet vivacious. Coy, yet skittish. Submissive, yet chirrupy." *What* a problem!

(*Rises and walks to centre of stage.* POLLY *and* JESSIE *rush at her, seizing her, one on each side, and laughing immoderately.*)

POLLY and JESSIE: Oh! Oh! Oh! Mrs. Farrington!

MRS. F. (*severely*): What are you girls laughing at, I should like to know? I desire above all things to please my brother Joseph. Hence, in response to his—er—ah—entreaties, I have lightened a—somewhat—my emblems of grief. Besides (*tossing her head*), as hostess I am bound to consider the tastes of my guest.

(*Sits down on bench R.* POLLY *kneels beside her.* JESSIE *stands behind her.*)

JESSIE (*gayly*): *We* want to please your brother Joseph, too, and as fellow-guests we *must* also consider His Lordship's tastes; mustn't we, Polly? (*They giggle, showing each other book and embroidery.*)

(*Enter* MARMADUKE CRAFT *L. He stares in speechless admiration at* MRS. FARRINGTON *L.*)

MARMA.: Eh! Ah! Oh! Mrs. Fawington! Stunnin'! Beastly stunnin', don't-cher-know! Eh! Ah! Oh! My head is turnin' wound and wound. (*Falls on his knees before her.*)

MRS. F. (*tossing her head coquettishly*): *Don't* be a fool, Marmaduke Craft!

(*He gets up, brushes his knees with handkerchief.*)

MARMA. (*murmuring*): Eh! Ah! Oh! Couldn't help it, you know. Quite a turn, don't-cher-know.

HELEN (*outside*): This way, Your Lordship.

(HELEN *enters from street, bowing in* JAMES ROBERT HANLY. JAMES ROBERT *advances with bewildered air to centre of stage.* HELEN *takes his hat and umbrella. Exit* HELEN L.)

MRS. F. (*rushing to meet him and conducting him forward*): We are *charmed* to see you, Sir Henry. I trust you are not fatigued by your journey? Miss Vincent and Miss Eastman, Sir Henry. Mr. Marmaduke Craft. Welcome to Sea View, Sir Henry.

JESSIE (*alternately simpering and serious, and flourishing embroidery*): Welcome to Sea View, Sir Henry. How do you like America?

POLLY (*stepping between them, alternately flippant and demure, keeping book open*): Welcome to Sea View, Sir Henry. What strikes you as most peculiar in the American people?

MARMA.: Delighted to see Your Lordship. How was the Pwince when you left England?

MRS. F.: Pray be seated, Sir Henry. (*All except* JAMES ROBERT *hasten to draw forward bench R.*)

J. R. (*aside, standing on extreme left*): "Lordship?" "Sir 'Enery?" What the deuce does it mean? Fine-lookin' lot of gals! An' all takin' on over me as if I was—— Jiminy cricket! Hi see it hall! (*Slaps his thigh.*) They take me for Sir 'Enery Tipton, as I've come here to valet for! Jeems Robert, you are in luck! Sail in, old boy. (*Seats himself on bench after turning and bowing in an affected manner.* MRS. FARRINGTON *seats herself beside him.* POLLY *and* JESSIE *stand behind and lean over.* MARMADUKE *sulks on a stool L.*)

J. R.: Lovely place you have 'ere, Mrs. Farrington. Hm. Hm. Reminds me of my cawstle er—ah—er—in Rooshia!

MRS. F. (*surprised*): In Russia!

J. R. (*hastily*): Did I say Rooshia? Hengland, of course. I meant Hengland. Reminds me of my cawstle in Hengland. Smaller, of course (*condescendingly*).

MRS. F.: Oh, certainly, Sir Henry. Much smaller.

JESSIE: How does America compare with England, Sir Henry?

MARMA. (*unexpectedly*): Beastly countwy, Amerwica, don't-cher-know!

J. R. (*surveying him through eye-glasses*): On the contra-ry Mr. er—ah—Craft, I find Hamerica hully—I mean *fine*. A leetle—er—ah—plebeian, of course.

JESSIE: Oh, certainly, Sir Henry, *very* plebeian!

J. R.: Smaller, of course.

MRS. F.: Oh, *much* smaller, Sir Henry!

J. R.: And rayther tough—I—mean—er—ah—crude.

POLLY: Oh, certainly, Sir Henry, *very* crude!

J. R.: But the gals—er—ah—I mean the ladies (*gallantly*) make up for heverythink. Such helegance! (*Rises and bows to* MRS. FARRINGTON.) Such beauty! (*Bows to* JESSIE.) Such grace! (*Bows to* POLLY *and reseats himself.*)

MRS. F. (*murmurs*): Isn't he charming!

JESSIE (*murmurs*): Isn't he delicious!

POLLY (*murmurs*): Isn't he out of sight!

MARMA. (*aside, sulkily*): Weally, if it wasn't bad fawm, I'd punch his beastly noble head, 'pon my honah.

HELEN (*outside*): This way, Your Ladyship. The ladies are on the lawn, Your Ladyship. They are expecting Your Ladyship.

(*Enter* HELEN *from street, bowing in* ERNESTINE, *who carries a small handbag and umbrella, which* HELEN *takes, after some resistance, from* ERNESTINE. *Exit* HELEN *into house.*)

ERNEST. (*looking around timidly, as all rise to greet her, to* MRS. FARRINGTON): Ees zees ze Madame of ze 'ouse?

MRS. F. (*graciously*): Ah, Madame la Contesse de la Ville. Welcome to Sea View Villa and its poor accommodations. I trust you are not fatigued from your journey, Countess? Sir Henry Tipton, of England, Miss Vincent, Miss Eastman, Mr. Marmaduke Craft. Pray be seated, Countess.

(*Leads her to bench on L and immediately returns to* JAMES ROBERT. ERNESTINE *sits down on edge of bench and looks about bewildered.*)

POLLY (*coming forward*): *How* do you like America, Countess? (*Returns to* JAMES ROBERT.)

JESSIE (*coming forward*): I hope your impressions of the Pass will be favorable, Countess. I hear that you are to write a book about it.

ERNEST. (*mystified*): You have hear zat I——

JESSIE: Perhaps I am indiscreet. (*Returns to* JAMES ROBERT.)

ERNEST.: Oh, *mais*, not—at—all. Not—at—all. (*Aside while the others devote themselves to* JAMES ROBERT.) Eef I can find out *how* I have be-come *zoudainement* ze Comtesse de la Ville! I come to answer ze *avertissement* of Madame Farreengton for a femme de chambre—a m-a-a-de. An' behol' me receive by Madame an' hair friends as ze Comtesse de la Ville. Vai-ry well. I am charm to haccep' ze ti-tel. Me voilà Comtesse de la Ville! (*Turns airily.*)

J. R. (*continuing*): Yes, Sea View is a pretty little box, Mrs. Farrington. Small, of course, as I remarked. My—er—ah—the—— (*Wave of hand outward.*)

POLLY: Park, Sir Henry?

J. R.: Thanks, Miss—er—ah—Polly. The park at—Hm.—Hm.—my cawstle, I should say at *one* of my cawstles in Hengland, is—er—ah—— (*Wide sweep of arms.*)

JESSIE (*sweetly*): Ah, I understand! (*Wide sweep of arms.*)

ERNEST. (*aside*): Ah-h-h! I catch on, as zese *Americains* say. (*Aloud.*) You are r-r-right, Sair Henry. Now, ze ground at ze château of my mozzer in Normandie, zey are—— (*Wide sweep of arms.*) You shall make me one veeseet at my château, Madame Farreengton.

MRS F.: Oh, *Countess!* I shall be delighted!

J. R.: Hm. Hm. I hinvite you hall to spend a year at my cawstle in Hengland.

MRS. F.: Oh, Sir *Henry!* What *princely* generosity!

HELEN (*outside*): You cannot see her. She is engaged. You will have to call again.

JACK (*outside*): Don't trouble yourself to show me the way, my good girl. I am all right. (*Enters from street, followed by* TOM, *carrying a large book.*)

JACK: Good-day, ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Farrington, I presume? And the Countess de la Ville? And Sir Henry Tipton, of England? Glad to know you.

MRS. F. (*stiffly, rising*): Whom have I the——

JACK (*cheerfully*): Honor to meet? Don't mention it, madam. The honor is mine. Mr. Smith, at your service. Mr. Jones, my friend. Warm afternoon, isn't it?

TOM (*behind* JACK, *taking notes of* J. R.): "His Lordship. Tall. Blond. Brown coat. Blue eyes. Green cravat."

JACK (*to* MRS. FARRINGTON, *who glares at him*): I have here, Mrs. Farrington, Professor Squeeziwick's History of Poldoodle. Poldoodle, ladies and gentlemen, is one of the Bul-Bul Islands situated in the Antarctic Ocean—in the midst of the everlasting seas. The History is one of the finest—I may say *the* finest—ever written. Five hundred pages. (*Jogs* TOM *with his elbow; aside:* Show the book, you idiot, while I make some notes.)

MRS. F. (*icily*): I do not wish any books. My library is complete.

JACK (*behind* TOM, *writes in notebook*): "His Lordship is tall. Blond. Brown coat. Blue eyes. Green cravat."

MRS. F.: I am not buying books, gentlemen. Will you have the goodness to retire?

TOM (*shoving book into* JACK'S *hand and, getting behind him, writes, looking at* POLLY: "White dress. Yellow ribbons"): By Jove, she's killingly pretty!

JACK (*turning leaves of book*): Unrivaled descriptions. Poems. Prepositions. Propositions. Perorations. Periods——

MRS. F. (*sternly*): *Will* you go? I *never* buy from book-agents.

JACK (*getting behind* TOM, *writes, looking at* JESSIE: "Green ribbons. Blue eyes. Beautiful." *To* MRS. FARRINGTON): Oh, yes, madam. We'll retire for the present. Thanks for a delightful visit. Thanks awfully. (*Exeunt* JACK *and* TOM.)

MRS. F. (*sinking on bench*): What unparalleled impudence! I beg Your Lordship, and you, dear Countess, to excuse this intrusion. You must not mention these creatures in your book, Countess.

J. R. (*who has been talking to* POLLY, *resumes his seat by* MRS. FARRINGTON): Don't be hannoyed, Mrs. Farrington. Hm. Hm. In my—er—ah—cawstle in Hengland we get rid of this sort of thing by having a guard of several er—ah—dozen of men around the er—ah——

POLLY (*eagerly*): Battlements, Sir Henry?

J. R.: Battlements. Thank you, Miss Polly.

ERNEST.: Also in ze château in Normandie, zere are—— (*aside*) How many shall I say?—zere are (*aloud*) *one zou-zand* gr-r-renadier who keep ze watch on ze battle-*ment.*

J. R. (*aside*): Gee-whiz! Now she's the gal for me. I'll make sure of *her* before I cease to be Sir 'Enery, or my name is not Jeems Robert!

HELEN (*appearing from house*): Madam Farrington——

MRS. F.: What is it, my love? Oh! I mean, what do you want, Mary Ann?

HELEN: His Lordship's valet is awaiting His Lordship's orders in His Lordship's room, if you please, mum.

J. R.: My valet! Good Lord! (*Jumps up.*) Hm. Hm. (*Remembering himself.*) Certainly. Yes. My valet. (*Sits down.*) Really, ladies, I am so haccustomed to er—ah——

POLLY: Retinue, Sir Henry?

J. R.: Retinoo. Thanks, Miss Polly; that one valet seems quite ah—— (*Sweep of arm.*)

MRS. F.: Quite ah—— (*Wide sweep of arms.*)

MARMA.: Weally, I think I'll punch the wascally nobility's head, fawms or no fawms!

J. R. (*rising*): You permit me to withdraw for a few moments, Mrs. Farrington?

MRS. F. (*graciously, as all rise*): On condition of your immediate return, Sir Henry. (*Exit* JAMES ROBERT *into house.*)

MRS. F.: Will you allow me to conduct you to your room, Countess?

ERNEST.: *Merci*, madame.

(MRS. FARRINGTON *leads* ERNESTINE *out. All follow. Reënter* ERNESTINE.)

ERNEST.: While zey make ze *papillon* about ze L-Lord, I return to ze quiet of ze *jardin* to considair ze prob*lem.* I Comtesse de la Ville. *Bon jour*, Madame la Comtesse! (*Sweeping courtesy.*) But—*why* is ze Comtesse de la Ville in zis 'ouse? Zat ees zee con-nun-*drum.* (*Shakes head hopelessly.*) Ah! (*Sees letter-bag.*) Zere are letters! (*Finds and glances over* JOSEPH'S *letter. Opens* MRS. LUFTLY'S *letter and reads it.*) Ah, *zat* ees eet! I am Comtesse de la Ville. *Bon jour*, Madame la Comtesse. (*Courtesies.*) And I write a book. *Vai*-ry well. I will make ze hay while ze sonne shine. An' I will catch ze r-r-reech Lord! (*Exit.*)

SCENE V (*The Same*)

(*Enter* SIR HENRY *from house, whisk-broom in his hand and coat on his arm. Brushes the coat while soliloquizing.*)

SIR H.: By the gods! This *is* an experience. Brushing the clothes of my own valet. The impudence of the rascal. By the way, I suppose a front lawn is as proper a place as any to brush a coat in! And I *may* have an opportunity here to see Mary Ann. Mary Ann! Adorable creature! Such eyes! Such style! Such exquisite taste! Such a happy contrast to Joe's beribboned sister and her beribboned guests! I protest those reds, greens and yellows make me shudder.

(*Enter* JAMES ROBERT *from house, in shirt-sleeves.*)

J. R.: Here, fellow. Give me that coat. What do you mean by coming out 'ere to brush me coat?

SIR H.: Excuse me. I——

J. R.: Pick up your manners, young man. *Sir* 'Enery.

SIR H.: Oh, I beg pardon, Sir Henry. (*Helps him on with coat.*) Could you, ah—(*with assumed humility*)—could you advance me a little of my wages, Sir Henry?

J. R.: Wages! Not a red cent. In my cawstle in Hengland I have fifty valets who serve me for the glory of the Tiptons. Mind that, you beggar! (*Exit majestically.*)

SIR H. (*laughing*): Well, the rascal comes it off gloriously. He is certainly upholding the honor of the Tiptons much better than I have ever dared to do. He deserves to be let alone—for the present. But where can Mary Ann be? Ah, here she comes! (*Enter* HELEN *with a tray in her hand.*)

HELEN: Why, Briggs, what are you doing here? *Servants (severely)* are not allowed on this lawn.

SIR H. (*haughtily*): *Servants!* (*Recollecting himself.*) Oh! I—I—think I know my place, Mary Ann. But (*approaching her*) I came out here in the hope of seeing *you.* (*Attempts to put his arm around her.*)

HELEN (*indignant*): Sir! How dare you! Such conduct to a *lady!* (*Recollecting herself.*) Briggs (*simpers*), behave yourself or I'll call the missus.

SIR H. (*boldly*): I'm not afraid of the missus, so only you do not scorch me with your bright eyes. Come, Mary Ann, dear, your looking-glass has certainly told you that you are the prettiest girl in the world. And you must have seen that I—I—I *adore* you!

HELEN (*coquettishly*): Go along with you, Briggs!

(SIR H. *steals his arm about her waist and kisses her.*)

HELEN (*furious*): Sir! How dare you insult me! Oh! . . . Oh, I have brought all this on myself. I can never respect myself again, n-n-never! (*Drops tray and sinks on bench. Sobs, with face in hands.*)

SIR H. (*distractedly*): Oh, Mary Ann, forgive me! (*Aside.*) She's divine, and I'll make her Lady Tipton if I can! (*Throws himself on his knees beside her and seizes her hand.*) Mary Ann, I implore you to listen. I adore you. I am not what you think me. I am——

(POLLY *has stolen in and stands listening, open-mouthed. She makes a noise; then shrieks and rushes out.* HELEN *and* SIR HENRY *spring up and run out in different directions. Enter almost immediately from house,* MRS. FARRINGTON *with* HELEN. HELEN *has her handkerchief to her eyes. Behind them enter* JESSIE *and* POLLY. SIR HENRY *steals in and listens unperceived to conversation.*)

MRS. F.: Helen Page, I am amazed, astonished! Astounded! The idea of Sir Henry's valet daring to make love to you, here in my garden, on his knees! Unnatural girl! Briggs, *Briggs!* Polly saw him with her own eyes!

HELEN (*plucking up courage*): It is true, Cousin Katharine. Briggs *was* on his knees to me on this very spot—blessed spot! (*Aside.*) Not ten minutes ago.

MRS. F. (*horrified*): And you permitted it!

HELEN (*with spirit*): Yes, I permitted it. I—I—I *liked* it!

MRS. F. (*sitting down and wringing her hands*): So *this* is the result of your masquerading as a parlor-maid! Oh, what *shall* I do! What *will* dear, delightful Sir Henry say? Oh, I mean, of course, what *would* my poor, dear Ch-Ch-Charles have said! *What* a disgrace!

HELEN: I know it is dreadful for me to l-l-like Briggs. (*Sobs.*) But Briggs is a n-n-noble fellow. He is worth a hundred of your smirking Sir Henrys!

POLLY (*putting arm around her*): Helen, I am not stuck on Briggs (*affectionately*), but I agree with you, dear. *I* am not fascinated with the English nobility, either!

JESSIE (*putting arm around her on other side*): Neither am I. And if you want Briggs, Helen, Briggs you shall have. *I'll* stand by you!

POLLY (*over Helen's shoulder*): I *wish* the book-agents would turn up again; don't you, Jessie?

JESSIE (*some play*): Yes, I do. Nice, manly, jolly, handsome fellows, and *Americans!*

HELEN (*courageously*): Thank you, girls. (*To* MRS. F.) Yes, Briggs is only a servant—a valet—and very likely I shall never see him again. But he is a *million* times better than your ridiculous H-dropping Sir Henry!

MRS. F. (*shrieks*): Misguided, infatuated girl! As your guardian, I shall see that you have no further opportunity of meeting this *serpent.* I will consult dear Sir Henry about it—oh, I mean I will summon the memory of my dear departed Charles. Oh, here comes His Lordship! (*Smooths down her ribbons and looks coquettish.*) Go, imprudent girl, go to your duties. We will discuss this awful matter later. (*Exit* HELEN, *flouncing into house. Enter* JAMES ROBERT *and* MARMADUKE.)

MRS. F. (*simpering*): Beautiful sunset, is it not, Sir Henry? Though our American sunsets cannot, of course, compare with those at *your* castle.

J. R. (*sitting down L.*): Oh, *much* smaller—I mean to say, certainly not, Mrs. Farrington. But the beauty of the ladies makes up for heverything else. (*Bows.*) Confound it! (*Aside.*) I said that before.

MARMA. (*leaning against wall*): I'm wetched. The most wetched cweature in existence. I hate the Pwince of Wales (*turns down trousers viciously*), and I wefuse to wear English clothes any longer, don't-cher-know!

(*Enter* ERNEST., *notebook and pencil at her waist. Fan, lorgnon, etc.*)

J. R. (*springing up*): Ah, Your Ladyship! (*Conducts her to a seat and fans her while speaking to* MRS. FARRINGTON.) As I was saying, Mrs. Farrington, it has ceased to be the fashion for the Henglish nobility to wear dress-coats at dinner.

JESSIE (*sarcastically*): Oh, *indeed!* Well, we go 'em one better in America. *Our* men dine in their shirt-sleeves.

ERNEST. (*affectedly*): Ees *zat* so? How *sai*-ry amusing! I will put *zat* in ze *book.* (*Writes.*)

MRS. F.: Jessie, you ought to be ashamed! *You* understand all these delicate points so much better than we Americans do, Sir Henry!

POLLY: We *Americans*, in short, are savages.

ERNEST.: Ees *zat* so? I will put *zat* in ze book. "Ze (*writes*) *Americains sont des sauvages.*" *Merci*, Mademoiselle Pollee. (*Rises and drops her handkerchief.* JAMES ROBERT *hands it to her with a flourish.*)

ERNEST.: *Merci*, Monsieur Sair Henry. You have ze manair of ze most *parfait gentilhomme* of ze *ancien régime.*

J. R. (*kisses her hand*): Madame la Countess is *too* good, and too—er—ah—bewitching. (*She courtesies.*)

(*Concluded on Page 18*)

"Ees zees ze Madame of ze 'ouse?"

American Cartoonists and Their Work

By

C. G. BUSH

F. OPPER

HOMER DAVENPORT

CHARLES NELAN

The Elements of the Best Cartoons

By F. Opper

THE cartoon is more important in the world's affairs to-day than it has ever before been. It will be more important in the future than it is to-day.

The art is old, running back to the time of Rowlandson and Gillray. But the cartoon has only within the last eight or ten years become a part of the life of what Mr. Bryan calls "the common people." Previous to that time cartoons were found only in the high-priced weekly papers. To-day the best cartoons can be looked for in the dailies. Nothing more strongly emphasizes the tremendous development that has come in daily journalism.

Realizing that good cartoons help along the task of interesting their readers, the dailies do not hesitate to spend the money necessary to hold good men.

The cartoons of to-day are, in my opinion, much better in every way than they used to be. They are drawn by men who are better artists than were the old-time cartoonists.

It is a foolish idea, and one that is being dispelled, that because a man is a cartoonist and makes funny pictures he does not know how to draw. The very best cartoons are done by men who know thoroughly the science of draftsmanship, and can apply it. Many of the cartoonists of to-day are fine painters, and among them are a large number of highly accomplished artists. It does not follow, however, that because a man is a good artist he is at all fitted to do cartoons. He must have distinct faculties that are not common to the general run of men.

He must be a keen observer. He must keep closely in touch with current events. He must look beneath the surface.

Picturing Men Whom One Knows

It is not necessary for a man to have any actual acquaintance with politicians in order to succeed as a cartoonist. For my own part, I know very few public men. I have never found it of any practical importance to cultivate their acquaintance. In fact, I have avoided them as much as possible, because it is difficult, after coming in personal contact with a man and meeting him socially, to lampoon him in a cartoon. There are men who can do it; but to me it is not pleasant. Then, too, if a cartoonist should attempt to work from life he would be perpetually chasing after the new men who come up from day to day. It is well, of course, to know and observe such men as Croker, Hanna, Platt and McKinley, because they are perpetually in the public eye, and cartoonists are called upon constantly to draw them. In such cases there is frequently something in the figure that cannot be learned except by personal observation. And we have to depend upon the figure a good deal, for variety, when we have repeatedly to picture the same man.

Ideas for cartoons are not helped along by personal intercourse with the victims. Various cartoonists get their ideas in various ways. Some are dependent entirely on suggestions from the editor. Others get their ideas from conversations with people whom they meet. And again there are those who see a possible cartoon in a street incident which, to the ordinary mind, conveys no trace of suggestion. In my own case I depend almost entirely on my own ideas, although now and then I use suggestions from others. By taking a suggestion and building on it, good results are not infrequently obtained. I have received, in my lifetime, from people whom I do not know, thousands of letters making suggestions, but very few of them proved available for practical use.

It is so difficult to trace the origin of most cartoons that the effort is unsatisfactory. Take, for example, the series of Willie and His Papa and the McKinley Minstrels that I drew for the New York Journal. They grew of themselves, as nearly as I can figure it out. The only scheme I had, to begin with, was that of creating something that would interest women and children as well as men—to get up, as it were, a domestic series. Working on this plan, I sketched out the "Trusts" as the father of the family—an old fellow with domestic inclinations, but who carried out the idea of a "bloated bondholder," as I conceived the trust magnates to be, from the little acquaintance I had had with them. It was Hanna's name that suggested the nurse, and of course "Willie" fitted in naturally. He was just a funny little boy who was perpetually having trouble with himself. Then "Teddy" came on the scene after the Philadelphia Convention, and obviously he was a little Rough Rider, going through the world on his little hobby-horse.

These cartoons have one distinction that makes me very proud of them. They are the only ones I have ever known women and children to like. I am constantly receiving letters from little girls and boys and from their mothers, commenting on the series. I suppose that a thousand people, men, women and children, have written to me, saying that they were cutting the pictures out for scrapbooks and asking how they could get back numbers.

Humor an Important Ingredient

The real thing to aim at in a cartoon is to attract and hold the observer's interest. Humor, to my mind, is one of the principal requisites in getting up a successful cartoon; but this is a matter of taste. Personally I don't like bitter and scathing cartoons. My mind does not run in that direction. I have always believed that a cartoon makes a better impression when it is not vicious. Somehow, a bitter, brutal drawing, even if it makes a strong point, leaves a bad taste. The mission of the cartoon is essentially to influence the minds of the people. A brutal cartoon has of necessity a brutal influence. As cartoons figure principally in politics, this tendency of the vicious cartoon is to create new bitterness in an arena where the strife is already sufficiently virulent.

The simplest cartoons are the strongest. Large pictures swarming with figures are not effective. They are too complicated. This is a drawback with the "double-page" cartoons in the colored weeklies. When a man has to hunt over the whole page to study out the meaning of a cartoon, it has lost its spice and had better have been left undrawn. Large figures, which tell the story plainly, are always best. This does not imply, however, that necessary details should be left out. Everything essential to bring out the meaning should be put in, but nothing more.

Every object presented in the picture should have some direct bearing on the subject. The caption is almost as important a part as the drawing. Believing this, I always make it a point to write my own captions. Many cartoonists do not do this, but it has always seemed to me that a man who creates a cartoon can put the wording under it better than any one else can.

Of course, wide publicity adds greatly to the effectiveness of cartoons. The advantage that my cartoons have enjoyed, of being published simultaneously in New York, Chicago and San Francisco papers, and of being copied into other papers here and abroad, has immensely helped their popularity.

The Cartoon and its Influence

By C. G. Bush

TO BEGIN with, it may be well to understand that there is a wide difference between the cartoon and the comic picture. Often this difference is not appreciated. Many people look upon a funny drawing and think they see a cartoon. Yet the distinction is clear-cut. The cartoon, like the editorial, is, or should be, a medium of education. It contains an object-lesson which appeals, or should appeal, to the mind. The comic picture is simply caricature without a serious purpose. It appeals to the sense of humor solely. No better illustration of the tremendous force that lies behind strong cartoons need be asked for than that which Tweed gave. He was writhing under the powerful cartoons that Mr. Nast was making. Attacks in mere type had left him almost unconcerned, but those terrible pictorial indictments were too much for him. He was finally forced to confess that, "I don't care about the reading matter, but —— the pictures!" The moral of this is that a great part of the public do not heed editorials, but that a cartoon, strongly put and expressing the same thing as an editorial, will hit the mark.

In my opinion, cartoonists are born, not made. Just as in other walks of life, the few rise superior to others because Nature has bestowed on them certain gifts or faculties which she has denied to others. Yet I have no doubt that there are many who have abundance of what is termed "genius," but who lack the one thing that would make them successful. And generally that one thing lacking is the aptitude for hard work. To be a good cartoonist it is absolutely essential that one should be a good draftsman; and to be such means years of the hardest kind of work. I do not mean to say that being a good draftsman will make one a good cartoonist. I have seen many a student who, as a draftsman, was only a trifle below his master in ability, but who, as a cartoonist, lacked the essential something that was born in the master, and therefore lacked all.

If a man is ambitious to be a successful cartoonist, let him study—study everything, and from every standpoint. Let him study the past, and also keep in touch with current events the world over. Let him broaden his ideas, and not become one-sided or narrow. Let him associate with and cultivate those from whom he can learn something; such people are to be found in all stations of life.

I find some subjects more inspiring than others, and begin my work in a way that no one but myself could understand. I gradually work the idea up till I am satisfied with it, and then restore order out of chaos. It pays to be painstaking and to work hard. But every cartoonist is hampered, to a certain extent, by the policy of his paper, which, of course, must be respected; and he may often be called upon to use his pencil in directions contrary to his own sympathies.

Hard Work the Secret of Success

Young men who would become artists or cartoonists must determine to study, and to become good draftsmen. I receive hundreds of letters asking me in regard to this, but it seems useless to answer them. The writers will not take the advice. They are unwilling to prepare properly. To succeed in any line one must be equipped. A cartoonist must have a broad knowledge of history and events. He must be well read and a student of art and letters. He should make the meaning of his drawing so plain that the educated and uneducated alike may understand and appreciate.

A young man may find it a hardship that he cannot do as he likes in his cartoons, but sooner or later he will become accustomed to doing his best work even when the ideas of his paper may differ widely from his own.

Coarse and vindictive cartoons are not desirable. Satire, if not too subtle, is the most effective weapon. Cartoons that are simple rather than complex in design I have found the most effective, provided the point is well taken. It is often difficult, especially on a daily paper, to work as rapidly as the requirements demand, and yet maintain a high standard of art. But practice soon gives facility, in this respect as in all others. The main thing is to turn out something worth publishing; something that inspires thought; otherwise it had better be left undone. Individuality is an excellent thing. It is one of the essentials of success, but it should not be indulged at the expense of art. Art is first and should never be neglected, even to win success.

A young man has an excellent chance to succeed as a cartoonist if the taste is born in him and he has a willingness for hard work.

What may be achieved is well illustrated in the files of Punch, where for the past thirty years one can find the work of John Tenniel, who, in his Dropping of the Pilot, produced what is to my mind the happiest cartoon of the century.

How to Become a Cartoonist

By Charles Nelan

THE cartoon is the editorial of to-day. I do not mean that the written editorial has lost its power. That would be an idle assertion, for the reverse is constantly proved. What I mean is that, taken as a whole, the cartoon is more expressive, and therefore more forceful, than the written editorial. Through its medium the man who to-day conducts a great daily paper has added to his power. A cartoon often tells in a flash a story which would require pages if put in type.

The editors have come to appreciate this fact so thoroughly that there is to-day no first-class daily without a cartoonist. As newspapers grow, as discussion of public questions grows, the importance of the cartoon will grow. Its field will become greater and greater until, I believe, it will come to supplant, in a large measure, other methods of treating public questions.

It is essential that a cartoonist should be a good draftsman. He should have a knowledge of human anatomy and be able to draw the human figure in all positions from memory.

It is surely necessary that a young man who intends to become a cartoonist should be conversant with the political conditions, past and present. He should know the Bible, Shakespeare, general history, Æsop's Fables, and nursery rhymes; and more, if he has the necessary time.

The cartoonist sometimes gets his ideas from the editor. Generally, however, he must depend on himself. He relies on current events. Often he gets ideas from incidents in his daily life.

The very best draftsmen are often failures as cartoonists. They seem to be deficient in an abstract something.

It is always best to see the man you are to cartoon, for usually he has peculiarities which a photograph does not show. It is not necessary to be a dyed-in-the-wool partisan. The cartoonist can jump from one side to the other when the policy of his paper requires it. In creating his pictures he should strive from the very beginning to be individual. He should learn to look at life, and at the moving things of the earth, from an individual standpoint. The hardest thing in the world is to forget how the other fellow sees things. The average man's inclination to copy is almost irresistible. Unless a man has originality he cannot attract public notice. If he does not attract public notice he cannot hope for standing as a cartoonist.

He must be a practical man, for he has to deal with politics; and on the face of the earth there is nothing more practical than politics. He must mingle with the people, know their wants, and appreciate their feelings. If he lives too much by himself his work will soon shoot over the heads of the people. They will not understand him, and then he has missed his aim.

The Cartoonist with Convictions

By Homer Davenport

A CARTOONIST who has no convictions seems to me an anomaly. A cartoonist who, having convictions, works against them, is even a greater anomaly. That being my point of view, I do not believe that a young man can go into the field as a cartoonist and win success if he is content to work on both sides of a public question.

I have been told that Gillam, who was one of the greatest cartoonists the world ever saw, voted for Blaine. I don't believe it. That any man, unless his heart was in his work, could have produced such a terrible indictment as the Tattooed Man, I deem preposterous. It is perhaps conceivable that a clever draftsman can do good things on either side of any question for a while, but I am certain he could never do anything great—anything that would live.

The Value of Individuality in the Work

Some of the best men that I have known ruined themselves because they did not understand the importance of individuality. They copied. They did not copy their ideas or their subjects, but they copied the style of other men. I know of instances where artists have copied so cleverly that they improved on their model. But the result to them was as fatal as it would have been if they had been inferior workmen. For a time, perhaps, copyists thrive and are sought after, but they soon work themselves out, and become hacks.

At the very beginning of my career I realized the importance of individuality, and at the cost of immediate advancement and immediate ease and immediate success, I sought to work along new lines. At length, after a long effort, I formed what I thought was an entirely new style. It "took" with the people for whom I was working, and I thought that at last I was on the highroad. But purely by accident I found that my style was not original—that some one else had worked along the same lines years before. Immediately I broke away and aimed for something new. The buffetings that I met before I could convince anybody that the style I finally adopted amounted to anything would have discouraged any one not blessed with a conceit that was considered asinine by some of my warmest friends. My own father wrote me a series of the most scathing letters. "Poor drawing," I remember he wrote, "is not caricature. It is nothing but poor drawing. In Heaven's name, drop it." But I didn't, though I labored mightily to convince him, and the men on whom I was dependent for a living, that my style was all right.

This sort of thing is to be expected by anybody who refuses to fall in behind. It is easier traveling, perhaps, to get hold of the axle and trail than it is to go on the other side of the road and trust to your own power of propulsion. But you don't have to take the other fellow's dust, and that has its advantages.

Some one has said that as we advance intellectually our desire for the lampooning cartoon will grow less. That is nonsense. So long as we have political parties we shall have cartoons. Thieves forever crowd under the protection of the party in power. That is where the boodle lies and that is where the thieves will flock. The party in opposition must always find its best chance in fighting thievery, and so long as this is the case, the cartoonist who can go at the thieves with sharp spurs is bound to be valuable.

It is my belief that the serious cartoon will always be the most effective and the most enduring. When the question of cartoons and their influence comes up in our minds, whose work is uppermost? Thomas Nast's. Nast's Tweed will stand forever as a monument to the inestimable value of the cartoon in driving political thieves out of office.

The Tattooed Man of Gillam is another evidence of the enduring quality of the serious cartoon. Who now remembers any of the humorous creations of that campaign?

Keppler, who had a vast fund of humor, became impressive and striking only when he treated political questions seriously. When we are out for a fight we must rely not on satire, but on strong and, if necessary, vicious creations. They present the situation in the most uncompromising way.

The Greatest Cartoon Ever Produced

Aside from the question of politics and vote-making, there is a style of cartoon that is employed seldom enough over here. That is the cartoon of sentiment. To my mind the greatest cartoon ever drawn was the production by Sir John Tenniel, in Punch, entitled, Dropping the Pilot. It showed poor old Bismarck leaving the Ship of State, with the erratic William standing arrogantly at the head of the gangway. That was a cartoon that brought tears to your eyes and made you grind your teeth.

On the occasion when we turned on Admiral Dewey like a pack of snarling wolves because he had given to his wife the house presented to him by the people of the United States, I essayed a sentimental cartoon, Lest We Forget. It lacked the genius and masterful artistic execution of Tenniel. But from the showers of letters that came to me I know that, despite its crudeness, it struck a popular chord. There is a big field in this line of work that awaits the coming of the right man. That man will win tremendous success if he knows how to work the field.

From the standpoint of effect, the most successful thing I have ever done is the symbolical figure of the Trust. The general discussion that the figure aroused would seem to indicate that it had the desired effect. I have frequently been criticised for representing the Trust as a monster devoid of brains. I would gently point out to the critics that I sought to typify the idea and not the men. Had I shown a handsome, pleasing, prosperous figure topped with a perfectly formed head, it would have conveyed nothing of the situation. It would have had no force in making clear what I sought to make clear. It is just here that the distortion of which the unthinking complain in cartoons operates as a factor. Cartoonists do not draw portraits. They draw ideas. They present pictorial arguments. They point morals.

The Trust figure really does not belong to me. I simply applied it. Except for its small head, it is almost an exact copy of an old statue of Hercules that I found in Venice. I was following some pigeons that roosted in St. Mark's. They led me into all sorts of byways until suddenly I came on a little opening where stood a monstrous stone figure. It was the Trust, corkscrew beard and all. The Hercules had a smaller figure firmly clasped by the ankle, in the act of dashing out its brains. I saw the Trust as it appeared to me, and sketched the figure on the spot.

The Old Pewter Pitcher

By Holman F. Day

Author of Up in Maine

I FESTOON for Bacchus no chaplet of roses,
I will vaunt not the vat—I've no homage for wine;
Panegyric of paint for convivial noses
Shall never find place in a lyric of mine.
Unseemly indeed were such rank exhibition
Of scorn for the statutes that seek to restrain,
By beneficent mandate of stern Prohibition,
The last for the grape in the good State of Maine.
So a truce to the bowl and its fervid excitement,
And down with the flagon, the goblet and stein!
My lyric exalts the more balmy enticement
Of a certain old humble companion of mine.
'Tis addressed
With a zest
Springing out of vague unrest
Stirring underneath my vest.
I'm obsessed
By a guest
Who has come at my behest
From the misty days of boyhood, borne serenely in the van
Of the friends that I'd forgotten in the cares that grind the man.

—You were just a pewter pitcher, a demure and dull old pot—
With a yee-yaw to your nozzle like the grimace of a sot.
The knob upon your cover had a truly rakish cant.
Your paunch was apoplectic and your handle had a slant
Of a most convivial nature. But despite your seedy style
Not a guest upon the threshold got a more benignant smile
Than when upon a platter, flanked by apples and by pears,
You rose splashing full of cider up the dark old cellar stairs.

I'm sure that the fruit that we sacrificed duly
Each fall to the cruel embrace of the press
Had quaffed of the honey of Nature and truly
Deserved from her hand a more tender caress.
I'm sure that the sun kissed both fruit and the flower
With all the devotion his warm heart could bring.
Till Alcohol ceded his ominous power
And gall lost its bitter, the adder its sting.
For though round and round went the old pewter pitcher,
And chucklingly filled for us horn after horn,
We never saw dragon, blue goblin or witch, or
Required a hoop for our heads in the morn.
Here goes!
Here's to those
Who sat and warmed their toes
Drowning cares and frets and woes.
No one knows
How memory glows
As I see that ancient nose
Gleaming blandly in the circle of the friends of long ago
Within, the light; without, the night and the wind and drifting snow.
Then the dented pewter pitcher poured for us its amber stream
While the tinkling bubbles winked upon the brink with dancing gleam.
Ah, there was no guile within you as there were no gauds without
—Just a plain, old-fashioned fellow, with an awful homely snout;
And you never left us headaches and you didn't stir the bile,
And no guest upon the threshold got a more benignant smile
Than when, upon a platter, flanked by apples and by pears,
You rose splashing full of cider up the dark old cellar stairs.

Stories of "Salted" Mines *By* W. J. Chalmers

Mr. W. J. Chalmers

BEYOND doubt more Americans are to-day personally interested in mines and mining than ever before. Thousands of thrifty persons who have acquired a modest surplus of ready cash are listening with covetous ears to the tales of quick fortunes made in mining enterprises. There is not one of these, among the uninitiated, who does not ask himself: "How am I to know that I am not being swindled? By what means may I make sure that the mine in which I propose to invest my savings is not 'salted'?" Very likely few of those who raise this question have any but the vaguest idea of the meaning of this peculiar phrase. They know the term indicates a species of fraud practiced on the confiding tenderfoot and Eastern capitalist, but their impressions on this score are delightfully indefinite.

But in one particular, at least, the prevailing notions of this subject are correct: the salting of mines has contributed one of the most stirring and picturesque chapters in all the history of human cunning and chicanery. Millions of dollars have changed hands, vast fortunes have been lost, and wealthy families have been brought to financial ruin by clever strokes of this comparatively simple kind of fraud. It is small wonder, then, that the very words "mine salting" have a mysterious terror and fascination for those who are unlearned in mining affairs, but who regard themselves as possible investors in this field of enterprise.

On the other hand, emphasis should be placed on the fact that mine salting is to-day more a tradition than a practice, and that the unscrupulous promoter and operator in this field has altered his methods to keep abreast of the times. Another point should also be made clear at the very start: the term "mine salting," as generally applied, is a misnomer, as it is commonly used to describe the "doctoring" of samples and the exchange of valuable for valueless samples before the assayer has made his examination.

The Requisites for Salting Successfully

To the splendid advance of those sciences which are most vitally related to mining is due the fact that the salting of mines, at this time, is an unusual occurrence. A man who is to-day smart enough to salt a mine can more readily sell it without salting. Extreme ability, comprehensive technical knowledge and rare caution are required to salt successfully a mining property. To-day, mines are generally examined, and should be, by experts who are not only intelligent men, but who are educated and *experienced* in their profession. Such was not the case years ago, when we had to depend largely upon graduates of Freiburg, Germany, for men of ordinary mining ability, but without the technical knowledge requisite for the examination of "properties," as mines are termed in the phraseology of the profession.

Some of the men of the old school of "natural experts" were remarkably gifted for this exacting kind of work. A fine example of this class was the late George Hearst. But the group of these men, whose native shrewdness was so keen and penetrating that their judgment seldom led them astray, was small in numbers. Mr. Hearst was credited with the statement that he would not give much for a mine that would not stand bad management. This expression is characteristic of the mining expert of the past—the school of the so-called "practical Comstock miner." The expert of to-day is more practical, because his investigations are conducted on a basis of absolute science, in which he has had a thorough technical training.

America has advanced more in technical training than any other country in the world, and in no other branch of her educational achievements has she made greater progress than in the science of mining. It is true that London has a school of mines (and it is an excellent one, in many respects), but in nearly every one of the principal universities of the United States there is a strong and progressive department of mining. Even conservative old Harvard has gone into the field by the establishment of an elaborate technical course and laboratory in connection with the Lawrence Scientific School.

This is a significant departure and indicates how thoroughly this movement has taken hold of the higher lines of education in America. Among the most important of these institutions of learning on this continent, which make ample provision for the training of mining experts, are the Columbia School of Mines, New York; the Houghton School of Mines, in the Lake Superior region; the Golden School of Mines, in Colorado; the Mining Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the Missouri School of Mines, Rollo, Missouri; the Minnesota School of Mines, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri; the Dakota School of Mines; and the School of Mines of McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

All of these institutions are equipped with the most improved laboratory apparatus for working on a large scale for the instruction of students. As a result there has been placed in the field a corps of young men of thorough training and keen intelligence, who understand the tricks of the trade, and who are capable, in the examination of mines, of avoiding "false samples" and what is generally termed "salting."

Germany was the pioneer in technical education, but America has followed closely and is now leading that country, or is at least equal to it, in this very important branch of education. This advance is not confined to mining but to all technical training. Mining is to-day only a part of the educational equipment of the competent mine superintendent or general manager. The best men in this field, or the men who get recognition from the largest and most important mining companies of the world, have both a mechanical and mining training. Nor does their education stop with this. It goes also into electrical engineering, and perhaps into several other branches of applied science. The typical professional man of to-day, no matter what his specialty, is well-grounded in many other related lines of learning. So with the representative mining expert. While he has, in his technical training, placed main stress upon the science of mining, he has taken a post-graduate course in mechanical and electrical engineering.

While it is not to be inferred that mine salting has become a lost art, it is true that young college men, with their exact scientific knowledge and methods, have put a most effective check upon this species of fraud. Their numbers are rapidly increasing, and the time is not far distant when instances of this picturesque variety of swindling will be rarer than mines which surpass the representations of the promoters who put them on the market.

Undoubtedly the most primitive and effective implement of mine salting, pure and simple, is the old-fashioned big-bore shotgun. Old timers in the mining camp delight to tell the wonders of deception worked by this simple instrument when the Eastern tenderfoot was considered the legitimate prey of the designing owner of a lode. In their own parlance, the shotgun "planted the color where 't war wanted, an' it looked like Natur', too!" Certainly the results were highly artistic and effective.

When a big strike had been made in any region the whole adjacent territory was, of course, immediately honeycombed with shafts and tunnels. Those which struck the vein of ore were all right and there was no need to resort to fraud to yield the owners a good income. But owners of drifts which did not strike deposits of precious metal were often unscrupulous enough to see that they could, by the aid of the shotgun, do business on the reputation of the rich finds near by.

Enriching Gold Mines with a Shotgun

An episode in the Black Hills well illustrated the shotgun method and the tendency to make the good reputation of a great strike serve to float property utterly without value. Immediately after the discovery of the great Homestake mine and its purchase by the late Senator Hearst, the following incident occurred. As the fame of this find spread throughout the country excitement ran high, and scores of capitalists stampeded to the new camp, anxious for an opportunity to invest in properties which stood a chance to compete with the Homestake.

There was at least one miner, who had arrived early on the ground, who was anxious to accommodate the ambitious tenderfoot from the East. He had sunk a shaft and run a tunnel far into the mountain without finding enough gold to make a respectable wedding ring. But he found the next best thing, so far as his unscrupulous purposes were concerned. That was a section of comparatively soft earth—an ideal material for taking "salt." After buying a quantity of gold dust which had been taken from the Homestake, he took from the pegs over the door of his shack the old shotgun which had furnished him with many a jack-rabbit pie. Armed with these two essentials and a quantity of powder, he repaired to the seclusion of his tunnel and put in a day at solitary target practice on the soft walls of his tunnel. It was expensive shooting, if only the cost of the ammunition were considered, but he was after big game, and determined to spare no expense to make his gunning effective.

Not long afterward he began taking out samples that showed a rich deposit. These assayed very evenly, and, although rich, were not sensationally so. Soon he was approached by the agents of Eastern capitalists. He was not anxious to sell, but named a stiff price for the entire property—several hundred thousand dollars. He gave the experts—those of the old school—free access to the tunnel and allowed them to take samples from any portion they wished. As a result, his terms were accepted and the eager capitalists paid him his price. In the course of a few days the former owner of the tunnel quietly disappeared from the Hills, took his shotgun with him, and neglected to leave forwarding orders for his mail. After a brief campaign of active operations the purchasers of the mine demonstrated that the property was only "worth its salt"—and no more!

A Famous Transaction in Mexico

Probably the most picturesque achievement in mine salting ever put through on the American continent was that upon which a celebrated mine in northern Mexico changed hands. The fame of this find reached the ears of a group of men in San Francisco—men who had made fortunes in mining, and would have resented the insinuation that they could be caught by any of the tricks of the trade. They were experienced prospectors and operators, and some of them, at least, had themselves handled the pick and shovel and washed out many a pan of pay-dirt on a grub-stake basis. These capitalists sent several highly capable experts down to make a thorough investigation. Realizing the responsibility of their mission and being thoroughly capable and conscientious in their profession, the experts carried out their instructions to the letter. They took out the samples with their own hands, put them in small canvas sacks brought for the purpose, and sealed the sacks with private seals. Each expert worked individually and never allowed his sample to be handled for a moment by any person other than himself.

The mine was located in the interior, and the nearest assay office was on the coast. Not only was the journey to the latter long, tedious and difficult, but also very dangerous, as the mountains were infested with bandits who asked no better prey than a company of mining capitalists from the States. The samples were burdensome, and the responsibility of keeping a close surveillance upon them was not desirable.

All these considerations moved the experts to decide that they would do their own assaying at the mill connected with the mine. Permission to do this was obtained from the manager of the mill, and the experts engaged several Mexicans, who were loafing about the place, to grind the samples. As the weather was intolerably hot and the work of reducing ore samples to a fine powder is exceedingly vigorous exercise, the men from the States had no inclination to undertake this severe manual labor. Nor was there any apparent need that they should do this in order to protect the interests of their employers, for the grinding was done directly under their own eyes and in plain sight.

The samples were placed on a flat steel plate called a "bucking-board," and were reduced to dust by the rocking of a heavy, semi-cylindrical piece of iron. Each expert applied his samples on the bucking-board, stood over them until they were ground, and then, gathering up the dust with his own hands, carried it into the assay-room and immediately made his analysis. Every part of the process was done under the bright sunlight and clearly within the experts' vision.

The fact that the Mexicans who worked the hammer were industriously smoking native cigarettes as they swayed back and forth above the plate upon which the samples were being crushed into powder did not attract the attention of the experts, who naturally expected the proceeding as the usual thing. Of course the ashes fell into the grist which accumulated on the bucking-board, but this was deemed of no consequence. Although the Mexicans seemed to take the work in a decidedly leisurely way, this was charged to the native temperament. Had the grinders worked half as industriously as they smoked their task would have been finished in half the time that it occupied.

But the languor which the experts felt as a result of the extreme heat made them exceedingly lenient with the Mexicans, who were allowed to take their time and to chatter and smoke as much as they liked.

Cheated by Gold-Tipped Cigarettes

After each expert had completed the assay of his own samples, the entire group compared the results of their work and found that the analysis showed a splendid yield. With light hearts and clear consciences the young men returned to San Francisco and reported to their principals, giving a careful description of the extreme precautions which they had observed to prevent their samples from being tampered with or salted. On these reports the veteran mine owners paid more than a million dollars to the agent of the original owners. This money was placed on deposit in one of the California banks and the new owners took possession of the property. Had they delayed pushing operations at the mine, results would have been far different. They moved quickly, however, and

soon discovered that in some way either the mine or the samples had been heavily salted. Then action was taken to secure the purchase-money at the bank. This brought to light the fact that the major share of the funds had been removed to Europe. However, a sum amounting to a comfortable fortune was still in the possession of the banking institution and was recovered.

When too late the experts realized that a score of cigarettes well loaded with gold dust and smoked above a buckingboard on which samples are being ground is an excellent substitute for a shotgun as a means of artistic salting. In fact, the cigarettes must be considered as far superior to the shotgun, as the amount of gold dust to be dropped into the samples by this method is capable of being much more delicately graduated than by the cruder implement. As a very slight variation of the proportion of gold found in a small sample means an immense fluctuation in the value of a ton of ore, it will readily be realized that the danger of oversalting is very great, and that the men who employ this method of swindling are quite likely to betray their fraud by overdoing their work.

I recall one other instance of attempting to salt samples by the agency of dust concealed in ashes. It occurred at Leadville. It was suspected that the ore seller and the assayer were working in collusion and a secret watch was set upon their movements. The detective was shrewd enough to notice that the grinder allowed the ashes from his pipe to fall into the samples. The pipe was seized and found to be well "loaded" with gold dust.

A Seal Ring that Cost $250,000

By far the most common method of mine salting, especially as practiced in recent years, is that of changing samples. Naturally the reader will ask: Why have not mining experts adopted the precaution of sealing their samples with a private seal ring? Sometimes they did this and congratulated themselves that they were "salt proof." Once an English expert took samples from a mine in Colorado, sealed them with an impression from his own ring, and shipped them by express to his laboratory. This man felt so sure of his precaution that he confided to his friends that he had never had samples changed on him, and that his ring was the talisman of his success. A flattering showing was made by the assay of the samples, and $250,000 paid for the property. The mine proved to be absolutely worthless. Later it developed that in some way an impression from the ring had been secured and a die made, and that other bags sealed with this imprint had been substituted for the originals while the latter were in the hands of an express messenger.

Quite likely the Englishman may have laid aside his ring for a few moments while washing his hands—long enough to allow a watchful companion to press the seal against a bar of soap and thus secure the coveted impression.

It would seem impossible to the layman that a sample inclosed in a sealed canvas sack could be salted without removing it from its original wrappings and doctored to an extent which would materially increase the value shown by the assay; yet I have personally seen this done.

In company with a friend I was awaiting the arrival of a train at Red Rock, Montana. An Eastern mining expert was also at the station, his bags of samples reposing on a truck loaded with express packages. He had come down from the Idaho mines, and seemed to consider that his whole duty was done until he reached the assay office. At least he paid no attention to his samples. Loafing about the depot platform was a well-dressed stranger who appeared to be innocently curious about the little canvas sacks, pretending never to have seen their kind before. He fingered the tags in a leisurely way which excited my suspicion. Stepping around the corner of the station where I could watch him without being observed, I soon saw that he held in his hand a tiny syringe having a sharp point. Every time he touched one of the bags he pushed this point through the canvas and gave the samples inside an injection of chloride of gold, or some other solution of the precious metal which would materially affect the values as shown by the assay.

Sometimes a blowgun is used for salting samples, the material for doctoring being carried in the mouth of the operator. A few grains of dust added to a few pounds of samples signifies a great increase in the value of each ton of the ore sampled. The man who salts samples must always be on guard not to inject too high a value, as this would subject the specimens to instant suspicion when assayed, and would be quite as disastrous to his scheme as would be too low a showing of ore value.

An Ingenious Fraud with a Mine in Alaska

One of the most ingenious and successful cases of so-called mine salting which I now recall was worked in connection with the sale of a property located in Alaska. By some hook or crook the miner with the doubtful property on hand secured from a workman in the employ of a rich mine near by a "core" taken from a diamond drill working in the rich property. Of course this core was full of rich ore. It was shoved into the barrel of the drill in the neighboring mine. The expert who was making the examination for prospective purchasers took out this core, assayed it, and naturally reached the conclusion that he had come upon a mine as valuable as the other. The purchase was made and his principals paid several hundred thousand dollars.

The most successful mining men are those who depend upon no individual's examination of a mine, but who check up mine examinations exactly as a mercantile house checks up an account. They have, as it were, an exact audit. Mining men of this kind also have agents who are constantly circulating about the country. These hear of the new discoveries, go to the camps, get a bond upon the property, make preliminary examinations, and then report to their principals. The latter then send these men to other camps and bring fresh experts to the camps already reported upon to make further examinations. Frequently a third or even fourth examination is made in cases where very valuable properties are under consideration, each expert making a separate report and each taking his own samples. After considering the combined results the principal is well prepared to say what he can afford to pay for the mine.

The examination of the El Oro mine, at Tultenango, Mexico, for which some $4,500,000 was paid, was an example of this kind. The mine was examined by fully five experts, all men of international reputation, and all making separate and distinct reports, without any knowledge of what any other expert had done or was doing. Upon that report the mine was sold and bought.

Mining Experts and Their Usual Fees

There is only one way of effectively guarding samples, and that is by never losing sight of them, and never having the assays made at a point where the mine is situated, but always sending them to a foreign point, under conditions which are perfectly safe and without prejudice, to have them ground and assayed. In the recent examination of the Commonwealth Mine in Arizona, made by an expert of wide reputation, the latter not only made an exhaustive report, but took upward of three hundred samples from the mine. The cost of his expenses for sample work alone, to say nothing of his fee for examination, was some $2000. This was outside of the mine examination proper—the investigation of its physical condition. As the purchase of this mine involved some four million dollars, the work of a competent expert was well worth the expenditure of $5000 or more on advance work. Better spend several times this sum for the right information in advance than sink a fortune in finding that you have a worthless property. Too often a saving in expert fees results in a vast expenditure later to ascertain how foolish an investment has been made.

Mine experts are often retained by substantial companies in the same manner as a lawyer is retained by a retainer fee. They are frequently presidents and general managers of individual mines, to which they agree to give a fixed portion of their time each year—not a set time, but a percentage of their total working time. For this they receive a fixed fee. The rest of their time is their own, and they may use it to the best advantage to themselves.

America now has many competent and reliable experts, and their fees vary from $1000 to any sum above that, plus all other incidental expenses in connection with the taking of samples, assays, traveling, etc.—this for the single examination of a mine. I know men in the profession who are readily making $25,000 a year in technical work combined with the management of companies. As an example, not of earnings, but as to how experts are now used, I would state that one leader in his profession is president of one company and consulting engineer for seven other companies, and that he does expert work throughout the world.

The Frog Prince

MATILDA MAUD McKENZIE frankly hadn't any chin,
Her hands were rough, her feet she turned invariably in;
Her general form was German,
By which I mean that you
Her waist could not determine
Within a foot or two:
And not only did she stammer, but she used the kind of grammar
That is called, for sake of euphony, askew.

From what I say about her don't imagine I desire
A prejudice against this worthy creature to inspire.
She was willing, she was active,
She was sober, she was kind,
But she never looked attractive,
And she hadn't any mind.
I knew her more than slightly, and I treated her politely
When I met her, but of course I wasn't blind!

Matilda Maud McKenzie had a habit that was droll:
She spent her mornings sitting on a rock or on a knoll,
And she threw with much composure
A smallish rubber ball
At an inoffensive osier
By a little waterfall.
But Matilda's way of throwing was like other people's mowing,
And she never hit the willow tree at all!

One morning as Matilda, with uncommon ardor, tried
To hit the mark, the missile went exceptionally wide,
And before her eyes astounded
On a maple's fallen trunk
Landed lightly and rebounded
In the river, where it sunk.
Matilda, greatly frightened, in her grammar unenlightened
Remarked: "Well, now I ast yer! Who'd 'a' thunk?"

But what a marvel followed! From the pool at once there rose
A frog, the sphere of rubber balanced deftly on his nose.
He saw her fright and frenzy,
And, her panic to dispel,
On his knees by Miss McKenzie
He obsequiously fell.
With quite as much decorum as a speaker in a forum
He told her how he came to be imprisoned in the well.

"Fair maid," he said, "I beg you not to hesitate or wince,
But promise you will wed me, and I'll turn into a prince.
For a fairy, old and vicious,
An enchantment 'round me spun."
Then he looked up, unsuspicious,
And he saw what he had won,
And in terms of sad reproach he made some comments *sotto voce*
Which the editor has bidden me to shun.

Matilda Maud McKenzie said, as if she meant to scold:
"I never! Why, you forward thing! Now ain't you awful bold!"
Just a glance he paused to give her,
And his head was seen to clutch,
Then he darted to the river
And he dived to beat the Dutch,
While the wrathful maiden panted: "I don't *believe* he was enchanted!"
(And he really didn't look it overmuch!)
THE MORAL: In one's language one conservative should be.
Speech is silver and in consequence ought never to be free!

A Grimm Tale Made Gay

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

FLEETWOOD'S LIONS

IT MUST be several weeks since I've written a word in my diary. To tell the truth, I spend so much time writing other things—things that are printed and sold—actually—at the book stores—that somehow my own every-day affairs don't seem so important as they did. In a word—I've been made an *editor* of the Advocate. It seems so wonderful to be an *anything* of *anything* with my name in print on the front page just above the editorials—the editorials that, as Duggie says sarcastically, have made the President and the University what they are. Mamma was delighted at my success and so was Mildred—although she tried to be funny over my triolet, When Gladys Sings, in the last number, and wrote me that, unless Gladys were the name of a quadruped of some kind, amputation here and there would have improved her. Even papa was pleased, I think, although my first story made him very angry and he wrote me a terrible letter about it. I had simply described, as accurately as I could remember it, the time he went as "The Silver-Tongued Orator from Perugia" to make a political speech in the country and took Mildred and me with him. I told about the people at whose house we stayed, described the house and recorded our conversations at dinner and supper. That was really all there was to it. I considered it quite harmless. The Crimson in criticising it said: "The Jimsons—a humorous sketch by a new writer—is the only ray of sunlight in a number devoted almost exclusively to battle, murder and sudden death;" a Boston paper reprinted it in full and papa was perfectly furious. He wrote to me saying (among several pages of other things): "While admitting that your description of my friends is photographic and, in an inexpensive and altogether odious fashion, rather amusing, I take occasion to call your attention to the fact—it seems to have escaped you—that they are, after all, my friends. Furthermore (passing from the purely ethical to the sternly practical), it is among just these people that you will, in the not very distant future, be engaged in making (or trying to make) a living. Kindly snatch a moment or two from your literary pursuits and think this over in some of its more grim possibilities." He also rather superfluously informed me that I would "be older some day" than I am now. (This remark, by the way, seems to have a peculiar fascination for men who have passed the age of fifty.) I showed the letter to Berri, and when he had finished it he said thoughtfully: "A few communications like this, and the keen edge of one's humor would become a trifle dulled."

My election to the Advocate came about in the most unexpected way possible. It's queer how things happen. Berri was sitting in my room one afternoon apparently reading by the fire. Suddenly he looked up and exclaimed:

"Do you realize, Tommy, that failure is staring us in the face?"

"Why, I was in hopes that it had begun to—to avert its gaze somewhat," I answered, for I thought of course he was referring to the hour exams—and I've studied a little every day since that calamity. "Besides," I added, "I don't see why you need complain; you got through."

"Oh, I'm not talking about our studies," Berri said impatiently; "they're a detail. I mean that we don't seem to be getting anywhere; we're not turning our accomplishments to any practical account; we're not helping the college any and making ourselves prominent—prominent in a lawful sense, I mean."

"But we haven't any accomplishments," I objected. "We both tried for the Glee Club and they wouldn't have us; and everybody agreed that we couldn't play football—although we went out and did everything they told us to. We can't play the banjo or mandolin, and it's too early in the year to find out whether we're any good at rowing or track athletics or baseball; so there's nothing left. What on earth can a person do who hasn't any talent or skill or ability of any kind?" I demanded gloomily.

"He can always write," Berri answered, "and he can always be an editor."

"Oh! you mean we ought to try for the Crimson or something."

"Well, not the Crimson exactly," Berrisford mused; "they say you have to work like anything on the Crimson; they make you rush about finding out when things are going to happen, or why they didn't happen when they said they would. That would be awfully tiresome—because, of course, you wouldn't care whether they happened or not. I'd just like to sit around and edit; any one could do that."

"I should think you'd go in for the Lampoon," I suggested; for I remembered that one of the Lampoon men had drawn a picture of something Berri had done. Professor Snook, who knows such a lot about folk-lore, was going to give a lecture in Sever Hall on The Devil. It was announced on all the bulletin boards by means of printed placards that read like this: "Thursday, November 10, Professor John Snook will deliver a lecture on The Devil;" and under the one outside of University, Berri wrote in pencil: "The first of a series on personalities that have influenced me." If he got himself noticed by the Lampoon without trying, I thought there was no telling what he could do if he put his mind to it. We discussed the matter a while without, however, deciding on any definite plan.

That night we went to Fleetwood's first "Wednesday Evening," and there I was introduced to—but I'm going too fast. I'd better tell about the Wednesday Evening first.

When I suggested going Berri wasn't particularly enthusiastic about it. He said he was afraid it would resemble one of his aunt's receptions where everybody was so cultivated that it was just like reading Half Hours with the Best Authors on a warm Sunday afternoon. I had an idea that it might be something like that, myself, but I finally persuaded Berri to go with me notwithstanding.

I don't know what to make of myself sometimes. When I'm with Duggie I'm inclined to take things rather seriously; but when I'm with Berri it all seems like a joke. They're so different, and yet I feel as if I were so much a friend of both. When all three of us happen to be together I find it most uncomfortable. Of course Berri thought the Wednesday Evening highly amusing.

It was rather late when we arrived and the room was crowded with fellows, very few of whom I had ever seen before. Fleetwood opened the door for us, with a Shakespearian quotation trembling aptly on his lips, and led us through the crowd to his inside room where we left our coats and hats.

"You must come and meet my lions and hear them roar," Fleetwood said to us; and was about to take us across the study to where Duggie was standing against the wall with a semicircle of Freshmen in front of him drinking in his every word.

"Good gracious, man—you don't mean to say you got me away over here on a cold night to hear Duggie Sherwin drool about football," Berri exclaimed to me. Mr. Fleetwood laughed and seemed to think this was very funny.

"Just look how glad of the chance all those others are, you unappreciative boy," he said reproachfully to Berri.

"Oh, well—he doesn't wake them up at a horrible hour every morning yelling like a fiend under a shower-bath," Berri explained. "You see, the lion and I occupy the same lair—or do lions live in a den? I never can remember."

"Perhaps Mr. Ranny knows," said Fleetwood to a tall, studious-looking fellow who had evidently planned his escape and was in the act of shyly carrying it out when Fleetwood detained him. Fleetwood introduced him to Berri and slid away to greet another man who had just opened the door. As I moved off to join Duggie's group, Berri gave me a queer look; but a few minutes later I happened to glance across at him, and as the tall fellow was laughing at everything Berri said I knew that Berri was enjoying himself.

"I've heard him tell the Thackeray thing twice now, and he's going to do it again in a minute if there's enough of a crowd"

Duggie shook hands with me and said good-evening just as if he hadn't been in my room sprawling on the floor in front of the fire an hour and a half before, and then went on with what he was saying to the fellows nearest him—some polite-looking little chaps; Freshmen, although I had never seen them before. The talk was mostly about football; the games that had been played and the ones still to come—comparative scores and the merits and defects of players at other colleges. Of course Duggie could discuss only with the fellows just in front of him. I think he realized how embarrassing it would be to any of the others if he were to single them out and address remarks to them. Besides, it might have sounded patronizing. Yet every now and then, when whoever was talking happened to say something funny, Duggie somehow included the whole crowd in the laugh that followed. I think he managed it by catching everybody's eye at just the right time; I know that—although I was merely standing there looking on—whenever he caught mine, I felt as if I were right in the game. This often had the effect of causing a fellow to say something to the fellow next to him, and so it frequently happened that people who had joined the group merely to rubber in embarrassed silence at Duggie, found themselves making acquaintances and talking on their own account. I learned afterward that this was precisely what Fleetwood and Duggie counted on. It was Fleetwood's chief reason for having Duggie as often as he could at his Wednesday Evenings, and Duggie's only reason for going.

Across the room there was another centre of attraction in the person of a fine but rather pompous-looking old gentleman with a pink face and a snowy beard. His audience was more talkative than Duggie's, but not so large. It wasn't composed entirely of Freshmen, either. As I was standing there making up my mind to slide through the intervening crowd and find out what he was talking about, Berri, who had been standing with a rapt expression on the outskirts of the second group, detached himself and came over to me. "You simply must come and listen to him; it's perfectly thrilling," he said.

"I was just going over to investigate," I answered. "What's his specialty?"

"I don't know how to describe it exactly," Berri replied; "he's a kind of connecting link with the literary past; he's what phonographs will be when we get them perfected. Dickens once borrowed his opera-glasses on the evening of the twelfth of June years ago, and some years later Thackeray stepped on his foot at a dinner-party. He remembers what they said perfectly, and gets asked out a lot. I've heard him tell the Thackeray thing twice now, and he's going to do it again in a minute if there's enough of a crowd."

We went over and listened to him for ever so long, and although Dickens *had* borrowed his opera-glasses and Thackeray *had* stepped on his foot, he wasn't in the least what Berri had led me to expect. I found him delightful and was sorry when he had to leave. (Berri insisted that he was driven rapidly to town to the Palace Theatre, where he was due to appear at 10:50—between a trick bicyclist and a Dutch comedian.)

When we had said good-by to him, Fleetwood came up bringing a pleasant-looking chap with spectacles. (I had often seen him in the Yard.)

"This is Mr. Paul," Fleetwood said to me, "and he wants to have words with you."

Mr. Paul talked about the old gentleman for a minute or two, and then said quite abruptly:

Several fellows made remarks and tried to interrupt (the poetry especially) all the time the Secretary was reading

"We've been reading your stuff in English 84, Mr Wood and the fellows think it's darned good I wish you'd let us have some of it for the Advocate.

I was so astonished I just looked at him. Then he went on to say that he wanted to print two of my themes — The Jinsons, and a description of something I saw one night in town—and that if I wrote a third and it turned out to be good, they would make me an editor! He had said that the Monthly had designs on me (imagine), and that although the Advocate didn't often do things so hastily, it (I wonder if it's silly of me to write this down?) didn't want to lose me. I told him that I'd never dreamed of getting on one of the papers and felt as if he were making fun of me. But he assured me he wasn't

Duggie and Berrisford and I walked home together, and when we reached my room Duggie and Berri began to squabble over Fleetwood's Wednesday Evenings, and talked and talked until Duggie, seeing how late it was, got undressed (talking all the time) and left his clothes on my floor, and continued the conversation even after he had gone into his own room, turned out the lights and got into bed

Berri, of course, started out by saying

"Well, I don't see what's the good of it," and Duggie immediately undertook to enlighten him. Whereupon Berri (fearing that the attempt might be successful — took another tack and exclaimed

"I should think you'd feel so ridiculous backed up there against the wall making conversation — or perhaps you enjoy being an object of curiosity." Duggie got very red, and I think he considered Berri unusually cheeky and impertinent, but he didn't snub him and I'm sure Berri was disappointed; he loves to irritate people

"I don't think my feelings in the matter are particularly important," Duggie answered. "I don't see why you haul them in

"Oh! but they are," Berri insisted. "I wasn't in the least interested in you when you were over there doing your stunts; but here, at home—in the bosom of the family, so to speak — you're perfectly absorbing. Now, honestly Duggie, don't you think that in the end it'll do you a lot of harm—exhibiting yourself this way and sort of saying to yourself: 'I am the only Duggie Sherwin, when Fleetwood tells the Freshmen that I am going to be there, the room is jammed'—and all that sort of thing. For of course that's what it amounts to

Duggie threw back his head and laughed. Then he leaned forward and gave Berrisford (who was sitting on the floor with his hands clasped around his knees) a neat little push that rolled him back until he seemed to be standing on his neck and groping for the ceiling with his feet

"Berrisford, sometimes you make me very very sick," Duggie said to him

"But own up like a man — isn't that the way you look at it?" Berri pursued after he had collected himself

"Of course it isn't—idiot!" Duggie declared indignantly. "Fleetwood can't do the whole thing himself, he can't turn a lot of shy kids into a pen and say, 'Now talk and get to know one another.' So he asks other people to help him. Once in a while he asks me. To night there were two of us

"Two Little Evas—two Uncle Toms—two side splitting Topsies," Berri giggled

"Heaven knows I can talk about other things than football," Duggie went on, "but I like to talk about it, and they do, too — so why shouldn't we? And when they have enough of me they get to talking with some one else—some one in their own class, very likely — or may be to two or three. Then they come back again next week, and after a few times they find that they've made a lot of acquaintances, and perhaps some friends. And there you are! Their whole four years is probably changed for them and made infinitely more worth while, merely because Fleetwood takes the trouble to round them up and make them feel that somebody really wants them. It's perfectly natural that you should think his Wednesdays funny and boresome — you always had dozens of rooms to go to from the first day you came here, and some one in every room who was glad to see you when you went. But I tell you it isn't that way with everybody — and you're not the kind that Fleetwood tries to get at

"Why did he invite me, then?" Berri asked

"Upon my soul, I don't know," Duggie declared sarcastically, "but I'd be willing to bet that if I see him first he won't invite you again," he laughed

Then Berri admitted that Fleetwood's idea was well enough in theory, but doubted if it really worked

"That tall spook I jollied this evening for a while was exceedingly nice; but I shan't dash off and call on him to-morrow. I don't suppose I'll ever see him again," Berri said

"No, probably not," Duggie assented, "but it's altogether likely that after time has healed the wound left by your indifference, he may find consolation in the companionship of some one else. You may not be able to grasp the fact, Berri, but it is a fact that 'there are others'" It was in the midst of this that he began to get ready for bed

"Why don't you open a session yourself if you think they're such 'life sweeteners'?" Berri called after him when he went into his own room

When I come to the Law School next year I'm going to," Duggie shouted back, "but *you'll* never see the inside of it I'll tell you that right now

I didn't join in the discussion at all for I got to thinking how lucky I had been from the first. Mamma overheard an old woman on a piazza say that she made the young men "change their shoes when it was snow in"—and that was all there was to it. That chance remark led to my living in the same house with Duggie and Berri; and what a difference it has made! Without Berri I never in the world should have known such a lot of people in so short a time; and without Duggie — well, I think I understand what my adviser meant when he said he was glad I knew Duggie

There has been one Advocate meeting since my election and I thought it was great. All the editors meet in the [illegible] President's room on Tuesday evening to hear the [illegible] read [illegible] not in on [illegible] courses during the week. It took them a long time to settle down to business; in fact no one seemed to want to hear the manuscripts at all—although I secretly thought this would be very interesting—and several fellows made remarks and tried to interrupt (the poetry especially) all the time the Secretary was reading. But he read on in a businesslike voice and never paid any attention to them except once, when he grabbed a college catalogue from the table, and without looking away from the page hurled it at a fellow who was repeating the verses the Secretary was trying to read—only repeating them all wrong and making them sound ridiculous. In the case of most of the contributions the fellows began to vote "no" before they had read them half through; but several of them were hard to decide on, and the board had a lively time making up its mind. After the reading we sat around the fire and had beer and crackers and cheese while (as several of the manuscripts expressed it) "the storm howled without

A few afternoons ago the Secretary (he has such a queer name—it's Duncan Duncan) came to my room to see how much I had done on a story I was writing. It was a little after six o'clock when he got up to go, and as he was on his way to dinner at Memorial he asked me to dine with him. I had never been to Memorial at meal time and was glad of the chance to go. It's a very interesting experience, although I think I prefer the comparative peacefulness of Mrs Brown's as a usual thing

We were joined in the Yard by a friend of Duncan's who sits at the same table. Duncan is a thoughtful, rather dreamy kind of person (he writes a lot of poetry for the Advocate), and on the way over he told me how much he enjoyed living at Memorial—that he never got tired of looking up at the stained glass windows and the severe portraits

"Even with the crowd and clatter there's always something inspiring about its length and height," he said. "It has a calmness and dignity that quite transcend the fact of people's eating there. It's so academic."

"It's so cheap," the other fellow amended; but Duncan didn't mind him and became almost sentimental on the subject

Well, I felt sorry for Duncan. We had hardly begun on our turkey and cranberry sauce when two of the colored waiters got into the most dreadful fight and rushed at each other with drawn forks. All the men jumped up on their chairs and waved their napkins and yelled: "Down in front—down in front!" and "Trun him out!" As the newspapers say of the Chamber of Deputies, "A scene of indescribable confusion ensued." It was several minutes before the combatants were hustled off to the kitchen and we could go on with our dinner. Then a party appeared in the visitors' gallery—a middle-aged man, two women and some girls. One of the girls was decidedly pretty and attracted everybody's attention the moment she leaned over the rail. The man however, was what caused the demonstration in the first place. He didn't take his hat off, which, Duncan says always makes trouble. I don't think anybody really cares one way or the other, but it furnishes an excuse for noise. A murmur of disapproval traveled across the room and grew louder and louder until the man with a genial air of "Ah—these boys have recognized me" came to the front of the gallery and bowed. He took off his hat, which produced a burst of applause from below, and then put it on again, which changed the clapping of hands to ominous groans. The poor thing looked mystified and embarrassed, and I don't know how it would have ended if the pretty girl hadn't just at that instant been inspired to pluck a big rose from her belt and toss it over the rail. It fell with a thud in the middle of our table and twenty four eager hands shot out to seize it. I grabbed instinctively with the others, and with the others I'm exceedingly ashamed of what happened. The tablecloth and all the dishes were swept off, and in the scrimmage that followed the table was overturned. I have a terrifying, hideous recollection of everybody in the world kneeling on my chest and of something warm and wet on my face and neck. Then Duncan was saying

"It's all right, old man—be perfectly still you've cut yourself a little, but it doesn't amount to anything. Only don't exert yourself." He looked so scared and white that I began to be frightened myself and tried to get up. But he and some of the other fellows very gently restrained me, saying that I was all right in the peculiar, hurried fashion that, more than anything else, convinces you that you're all wrong. Duncan's friend and another fellow were mumbling somewhere near me; I caught these fragments of their conversation: "It *must* be an artery—eight or ten minutes if it isn't attended to—Doctor Banning and Doctor Merrick—telephoned—don't talk so loud—he might hear"

Then I lay quite still and closed my eyes and tried to think

Editor's Note—The eighth installment of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of February 2

I grabbed instinctively with the others. The tablecloth and [illegible] was overturned. I have a terrifying, hideous recollection of everybody in the world kneeling on my chest and of something warm and wet on my face and neck

Smoking an Electric Pipe

ONE scene in a recently staged comic opera represents a brigands' cavern, and, the place being very dark and the circumstances gloomy, the hero, who plays the part of a detective, consoles himself with a pipe, which, as he puffs it, is seen to glow brightly and redly at intervals

The pipe used is a novelty in its way. Its bowl contains a tiny storage battery, and two small copper wires pass through the stem to the mouthpiece. At the mouthpiece each wire terminates in a little metal plate, and the contrivance is so constructed that the smoker, by simply closing his teeth, brings the pair of plates into contact with each other, thus completing the circuit

Attached to the storage battery, in the bowl of the pipe, is a minute incandescent light in a red bulb, and this is covered with a small piece of white tissue paper. Every time the circuit is closed the light appears in the red bulb, and, being diffused by the tissue paper, gives the effect of a glow. On the stage it looks exactly as if the person were smoking, a gentle bite on the mouthpiece of the pipe, at suitable intervals, causing it to glow as if puffed

This kind of pipe, which is a new invention, is intended for stage use merely. In theatres, real pipes and cigars are considered very objectionable, for obvious reasons, and the smoking of them is always forbidden. On this account managers are likely to welcome the electric pipe, as [illegible] suggested by the inventor, the same idea may be applied to [illegible] cigars, which may be made of wood in the future. A [illegible] battery of sufficient size for the purpose, it is claimed [illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 300,000 copies weekly.

The Future Empire of the Boss

FISHER AMES, who was fonder of epigram than of popular government, is reported to have said: "A monarchy is a good taut ship, but it may strike a rock and go to the bottom. A democracy is like a raft: you cannot sink it, but your feet are always under water." The lessons of history, however, are just the opposite of this smart saying. Self-government of the people, what we call republicanism, is always easier to destroy than is a government embodied in a personal sovereign. Monarchy perpetuates itself largely through having a number of exceptionally placed people to look after its perpetuity. And democracy suffers for the proverbial reason that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." Unless it can develop and maintain a constant series of men enthusiastic for popular liberty, it is liable to fall under the intrigues of interested schemers. As the fathers of the republic were fond of saying, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Popular governments, however, have rarely fallen through attacks in front. It is not under the name of despot or king that their assailants have presented themselves. On the contrary, these generally have kept up the forms of self-government after the substance had been extracted from them. Cosimo de Medici would allow of no title but "Father of his Country." Augustus was only "Prince of the Senate" and "General (*Imperator*) of the Army." But the Florentine banker made the "slate" before every election, and no candidate had any chance who was not put forward by him. And Augustus absorbed all the popular offices into his own person, so that there was no lawful authority to balance his own.

If America should ever cease to possess "government of the people, *for* the people and *by* the people," it will not be through our ceasing to elect a President and a Congress, but through that election becoming an empty form. It will not be with a royal title that the new dynasty will put itself forward, but under some familiar and harmless name—possibly "Boss"—to which we are all accustomed. And its supporting aristocracy will be equally inoffensive in their assumption of titles. Who knows but that "Heeler" may be as much a "title of honor" in the "Peerage" of the future as Duke or Earl in that of the present?

The safeguard of popular government is the eternal vigilance which demands that form and substance shall not be sundered. Whatever enables the enemies of liberty to sneer at elections as a pretense, and to represent them as controlled by organized bodies of office-holders, or to speak of the power of wealth employed in corrupting the voters, or of the terrorism of mob dictation, opens the way to the substitution of methods which correspond to the reality. Democracy cannot survive contempt for its methods. Its greatness is in its sincerity; and when that is lost, all is lost.

It is not, therefore, a light thing that America has to confess that we are falling short of the ideal of really popular government in many directions. It is true that the idea never has been realized in any age of the Republic. There have always been elements in our political life which were alien and hostile to real democracy. The real question is whether we are making progress toward the ideal as we fairly might have expected to do. Are we eliminating old evils, or are we only increasing their number by new abuses? The rapid growth of wealth in highly organized forms, the multiplication of voluntary associations to relieve the citizen from the bother of looking after nominations and elections, and the concentration of political power in the hands of those who appoint to places in the civil service, are at least conditions which make real self-government more difficult. If these or any of them make it a contemptible pretense, it will not maintain itself, or will do so only in shadow.

The way to be happily rich in office-holding is to get rich before getting the office.

The Cloyed Appetite for Sensation

IN THE olden times the messenger of misfortune was frequently beheaded because of the tidings he brought. In these modern days the news is subscribed for, and we praise the wondrous illustrations that accentuate the wickedness and criminality of the records that are spread before us in generous pages soon after we arise from morning prayers. We insist that the eggs we eat at breakfast shall be sound, but we swallow them down while reading—well, the morning news.

There can be no quarrel with the newspaper any more than with the police force or the Government itself. As an institution it stands. It is—and we have made it. Nothing so picturesquely reflects the daily life of the world as the press. It does not hold a mirror up to Nature, as is so frequently declared; but it does hold a fine lot of prisms to show the people as they pass, and it gets all the color and action it can from the procession. The action is mainly in the text; the color—the color!—is generally in the Sunday supplements.

We blame the weather reports for the crimes of climate, we throw upon the newspapers many of the burdens of modern sin. They do not mind it, for they are pretty good sinners themselves. But the fact of the whole matter is that a proneness to sensation affects the entire age.

When the leading race of the world reaches that condition calling for reform in funerals there need not be any astonishment at the general extravagance in the more joyous and more comfortable phases and doings of life. Society is after sensation; the politician advertises himself by every possible means. Thus it goes in every direction. People are getting to measure life by sensations, to mark dates by the latest exploits of themselves or of their friends.

There was something of the same sort a century ago, although far less in degree; and it was followed by the inevitable reaction which brought a finer social life and a better cultivation of literature and the arts. Possibly we are passing through the same experience now. There is no safety like that of publicity, and too much sensation must have its corresponding return to sane life and common-sense, and with this there must inevitably be the higher development of the finer virtues.

Already we are seeing signs of the new era. The best society nowadays does not figure in the society columns; the best preachers do not rush after notoriety; the best writers sell their wares on their merits and employ no adventitious means for free advertising. In the better life of the day the mere fact that a man tries to exploit himself injures his social standing.

So, taking everything, we are getting along very well, and in spite of the modern glare and the age of electric lights there will still be some of that old-time privacy which makes home life so sweet and real modesty so attractive.

It is easier to preach a good sermon from the pulpit than to lead a good life in the pew.

What the Century has Done for Women

NO LESSON that the nineteenth century taught us is more directly impressive than its exhibition of the unused resources which it brought into use. Its inventions and discoveries multiplied man's power over Nature by taking hold of common things and familiar facts, and putting them to use. Chemical and dynamical agencies at the close of the century were rendering service to the race in every direction, although at its opening they were useless through our ignorance or contempt for them.

A parallel fact was the great increase of woman's activity during the past century. At its beginning, the stage was almost the only career open to a woman of distinguished abilities. Even literature was practically closed through the common contempt for "bluestockings." Monk Lewis, who himself had perpetrated some of the worst novels in the language, wrote to his mother, on hearing that she had a novel in hand: "I cannot express to you in language sufficiently strong how disagreeable and painful my sensations would be if you were to publish any work of any kind, and thus hold yourself out as an object of newspaper animadversion and contempt. I always consider a female author as a sort of half-man." And "the little cock-sparrow," as Mrs. Oliphant calls him, spoke the feelings of his generation.

Already, indeed, England had a few woman authors of note, such as Fanny Burney and Mrs. Radcliffe; and several others were about to appear, notably Mrs. Shelley, Jane Austen and Jane Taylor. These, however, were but the first drops of the shower which, by the middle of the century, had reached such a volume as showed that the woman of letters was an established fact. Let any lover of good literature look over the list of English writers of the Victorian period, and consider what a loss it would have been to human enjoyment, what a detraction from the "gayety of nations," and what a diminution of the moral and civilizing forces of good literature, if woman had been "kept in her place" during those years, as were the women of the century preceding. Think of Charlotte Bronte living the demure and inarticulate existence of a country parson's daughter, Elizabeth Barrett timidly stealing under a feigned name into the Poets' Corner of an old magazine, and George Eliot using her splendid powers of imagination for the delight of a London coterie!

Literature is not the only gate that the nineteenth century threw open to women. Science, law, medicine, philanthropy, and social reform of every kind have welcomed her with more or less heartiness. She has been admitted to many forms of business activity, which have been created by our new conditions, or were closed to her and monopolized by men before. In a word, woman is allowed to make what she will of her own life, and to work out any kind of power that is in her, as she never was before; and she has laid us all under obligations by the splendid use she has made of her new opportunities.

It is objected that she has grown less feminine and attractive through the change. But this is not the fact. The woman of a century ago did cultivate some social accomplishments, which have now fallen into disuse. They worked samplers when they were young, and they could fib at discretion in their riper years. But to judge by the records of that age, in both memoir and fiction, there was an amount of coarseness in women's speech and behavior which has disappeared. Smoking, swearing, and roundly abusing those who offended them, although not universal accomplishments, were yet far more common among women than they are to-day. They read books and sat out plays which to-day they would be ashamed of. In fact, being taught that they were an inferior kind of men, they naturally thought that imitation of men was the road to perfection. They now know better.

In her younger days a woman wants worship, afterward plain old fashioned love.

The Chances for an African Republic

AS A RESULT of the present war, South Africa may become an independent republic. This seems like an impossibility, but it is not. In spite of her victories, in spite of territories conquered, and soldiers killed and captured, there is still a chance of final defeat for Great Britain. And there is as much chance—perhaps more—that all South Africa shall be free as that the immediate territory of the Boers shall retain its independence.

England put practically her entire strength into the war with the Boers. For this conflict she drew upon her resources in every quarter of the globe. Should she find that not only the Boers, but also a large portion of the people of Cape Colony, are to be fought, it is probable that she would recoil from the conflict after a few serious defeats. There is a limit to the capacity of England for carrying on a land war, and especially at points distant from her own shores.

Not satisfied with possessing the greatest and best part of South Africa, England pushed her armies into the lands to which the Boers had retreated. Nothing short of control from the Cape to Cairo was her aim, and at length she captured Pretoria.

But the taking of capital cities as part of a vast plan of extension of territory is not always productive of the desired results. Napoleon, planning the conquest of India, took Cairo. He would far better have left Egypt alone. All of Europe, at least, must be his—and, thus resolving, he entered Russia and seized Moscow. Had he not taken Moscow he need never have seen St. Helena. The reaching out for more, after much has been gained, is often productive of the loss of even that which one hath.

After all, the historical illustration in such a case as this is the best of arguments. It seemed time and time again that Holland was lost—but dogged perseverance won in spite of hosts slaughtered and cities destroyed. Never did a nation seem more strongly intrenched than were the Moors in Spain. Yet a little band of Spaniards never gave up the contest, and foot by foot the peninsula was gained. It took a long time; but those were the good old days when a soldier could strike his enemy as far away as his sword arm could reach, and when an army could march just as fast as it could walk. These are the times when a railroad carries troops hundreds of miles in a day and when shells fall into camps from batteries stationed miles distant.

The best parallel with South African conditions may be found in certain conditions of our Revolutionary War. The Boer cause is not more desperate than was that of the Americans during the awful times at Valley Forge. When New York and Philadelphia were in the hands of the British—when rich families were vying with each other in doing honor to British officers—when Burgoyne was driving his great wedge southward to cut in twain the Colonies—when Cornwallis was sweeping unchecked up the coast—those were some of the times when the American cause seemed hopelessly lost.

In North America, England once planned to control the entire continent. Instead, there arose here a mighty republic. In Africa, she is planning to control, first from the Cape to the Mediterranean, and, this much gained, she would gradually dominate all Africa. It would be but history repeating itself if, instead, a republic should arise, with its shores laved by the waters of two oceans.

MEN & WOMEN *of the* HOUR

Senator Dolliver

A Compliment that Wouldn't Hold Water

"Your name is a household word, Senator." This was the remark made in Chicago to Hon. Jonathon P. Dolliver, the new United States Senator from Iowa, during the recent Presidential campaign, when a Republican committeeman, anxious to secure him for a speech, assured him that no man was better known or understood in the City by the Lake than the gentleman from Iowa. "Why, sir, no man is better loved by our people or more highly regarded than you," said the committeeman, rising in enthusiasm.

"If that's the case," replied the Senator, "I shall have to recall your request and speak again in Chicago."

"I shall have to advertise you," suggested the committeeman. "Of course I know your name—but, to be sure, I want to ask you. I suppose Joseph T. Dolliver is right?"

"And my name is a household word in Chicago!" responded the Senator.

"Yes, sir!"

"And my Christian name Joseph?"

"My mistake, Senator. I might have known better. It's John A. Dolliver."

"What!" exclaimed the Senator, "and my name is a household word in Chicago!"

"Oh, well," spoke up the committeeman blandly, "it's my mistake again. What is your Christian name, anyhow, Senator?"

"It's Jonathan, sir, and my name is a household word in Chicago!"

"My mistake, entirely," apologized the committeeman. "You know I am forgetful at times. I believe you spell your name D o l l i v e r?"

"Hold on! hold on!" shouted the Senator. "And my name is a household word in Chicago! Well! well! who'd 'a' thought it! I spell my name D o l-l i v e r."

"Of course, of course," soothingly chimed the committeeman. "Of course, nobody knew that better than myself. You are ex-Senator, I believe?"

It was then that Senator Dolliver wilted, and whispered sadly: "And my name is a household word in Chicago!"

How Diplomacy Won a Diplomat

The recent rumors in regard to the possible resignation of Mr. Joseph H. Choate from his post as Ambassador to England have again brought his name before the public.

"It may be true that, as has been said, all good Americans go to Paris when they die," he once remarked, "but it is certain that as many as possible rush over to London while they are alive." In view of this expression of opinion it may well be doubted that he ever intended to give up after so short a tenure his diplomatic post.

Famous not only as a great lawyer but as a wit and after-dinner speaker, he frequently has tilts with other keen minds, and he enjoys a story even if it is on himself. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew recently told of their having once crossed the ocean on the same steamer.

"Mr. Choate is a fine sailor," said Mr. Depew. "I saw him on the pier in New York just before we sailed, and I saw him again at Southampton. He told me that he would have enjoyed the voyage immensely—if only he could have had some ocean air." And Mr. Choate laughed as heartily as any one at this.

He enjoys a funny situation, too, even though he is himself the victim of it, and this a New York reporter discovered some two weeks before Mr. Choate sailed for England as Ambassador.

A law case had been attracting the attention of all New York, several of the highest families, socially, were concerned in it; and eminent lawyers were engaged on either side as counsel, Mr. Choate himself being one of them.

Into one of the newspaper offices after midnight came a belated "tip," stating that Mr. and Mrs. —— were reconciled—that they had been seen at church together the day previous—and that the great case would be quietly settled out of court. Reporters were sent to see the principals, and one was assigned to get a full statement from Mr. Choate.

It was after one o'clock when the reporter rang his door bell. He pictured to himself a sleepy footman coming after a long delay, and then an argument to induce that footman to take the necessary message to Mr. Choate.

Minutes passed, he rang the bell again—and at length he heard a rattling of chains and turning of keys and braced himself to use his most persuasive diplomacy. He heard the inner door swing open; the electric light was turned on in the vestibule, then the outer door was unchained and opened, and around its edge peered a face.

But it was no footman that stood there. It was the great lawyer himself, and on his face was a look of anxiety as he asked: "What is it? What's the matter?"

"Good-evening, Mr. Choate. I am from the New York ——, and we should like you to tell us, if you can, if it is really true, as reported to us, that Mr. and Mrs. —— went to church together yesterday," said the reporter, as if his call were the most natural thing in the world.

Mr. Choate is a very tall man, with an unusually large head and striking features.

"Do you know," he said, very slowly and very impressively, "that you have brought me down here in this way at half past one o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes," admitted the reporter, "it is late, but although it is too late for our first edition, we can get it in the second, if the story is really true, and if there has been a reconciliation. Now, Mr. Choate ——"

The Ambassador that was to be smiled in amused appreciation, and gave the reporter a full and authoritative answer that appeared in the morning paper.

An Art Student's Three-Cent Bed

Mr. Edward Moran, the marine and figure painter, is over seventy one years of age, and has had an interesting career. He was born in England in 1829, and came to the United States in 1844. His career began with hardships but he successfully surmounted all difficulties. He has exhibited in London and Paris, as well as in this country, and is an associate of the National Academy and a member of the American Water Color Society and of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

On his way to Washington, recently, to present his canvas The Olympia, to Admiral Dewey, he passed through Philadelphia.

"Here it was," he said, "that I experienced most of the hardships of my life. I came from Lancashire, England, to New York in the steerage of an immigrant ship when a mere boy, and after stopping there long enough to spend all my money, I walked to Philadelphia, working for my board from town to town by doing chores. In 1844 I studied under James Hamilton, to whom I owe much. Of course he could not understand my poverty, for I had the air of one in comfortable circumstances, but one day he learned that I lodged in an attic room, and that my only furniture was a wooden chair and a copy of a New York paper.

"'How do you get along?' he asked.

"'Why,' I replied, 'I sleep on the newspaper at night and sit on the chair in the daytime.'"

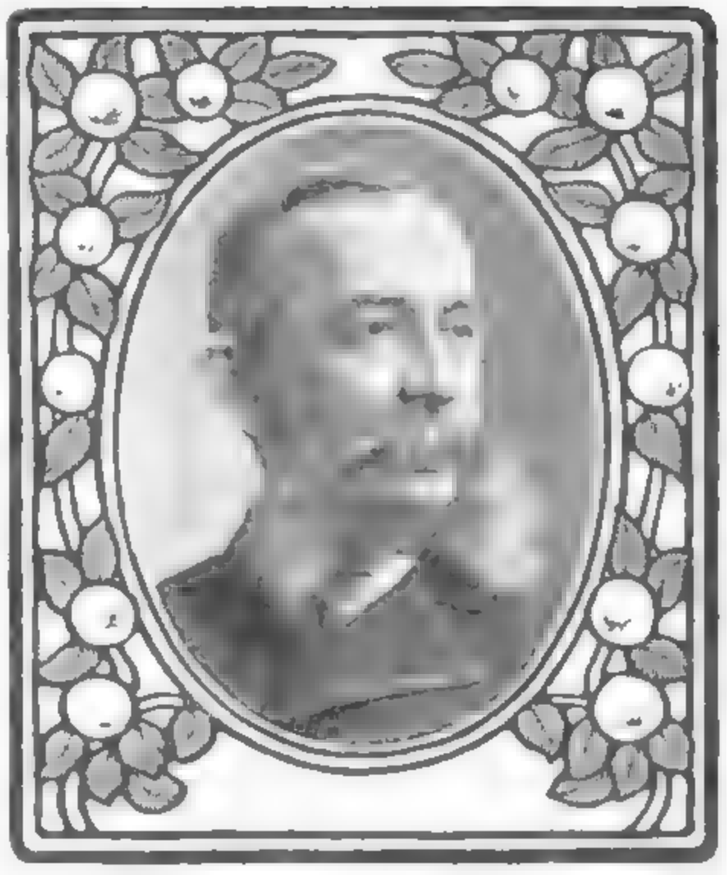
The Brilliant Career of Doctor Gilman

The Johns Hopkins University is said to be the most complete university in this country—that is, considering it as a university, as distinguished from colleges or schools. It has several peculiarities. One is that it has no Commencement Day, but that on the twenty second of February its annual exercises are held and that it calls the date Commemoration Day. Another unique fact is that since its foundation, in 1876, Johns Hopkins has had only one President.

An interesting combination of the two facts will be that on the twenty second of next month President Daniel Coit Gilman will formally retire from his office, after twenty five years of distinguished service. He is a native of Connecticut, was born at Norwich, July 6, 1831; graduated at Yale; continued his studies in New Haven and Berlin; was librarian and secretary of the Sheffield Scientific School, Professor of Geography in Yale, President of the University of California, and then became President of Johns Hopkins University.

He was made Doctor of Laws by numerous colleges and universities, and he probably belongs to as many scientific societies as any American. Although so closely approaching seventy years, no one thinks of calling Doctor Gilman an old man. His nervous energy sets a pace that younger men find difficulty in meeting. The Americanism of President Gilman is one of his strongest characteristics. Returning, recently, from a tour through Europe, he strongly expressed himself as believing that all signs are vastly more favorable for America and its progress than for Europe.

In addition to being President of a great university, he was, four years ago, one of the most active members of the United States Commission on the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana, and a member of the commission to draft a new charter for Baltimore, and was also connected with several other important movements of the day.



Dr. Daniel C. Gilman

A group of professional men were discussing Doctor Gilman's numerous employments, and one of them said: "It is simply amazing, it is a source of never ceasing wonder to me. His capacity for work exceeds anything I ever heard of."

"Except his capacity for making other people work," added one of the members of the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University. That, indeed, explains Doctor Gilman's success as the builder of the most complete university in America. He has worked hard himself, but members of the faculty assert that his energy and influence have made them work even harder.

Mr. Beaufort's Curious Commission

Sir Donald M. Stewart, who was one of the best known figures in London, has recently died. Sir Donald had a great deal to do with Chelsea Hospital, that home of quaintly clad old soldiers—men who have fought their country's battles during the last fifty years.

Many Americans, when they visit Chelsea to gaze upon the house in which Carlyle wrote his works and fought his indigestion, pay a visit to the old hospital to chat with the ancient fighting men. Sir Donald took a great pride in this institution, which is not a hospital in the common acceptance of the term, but a home, and he was deeply interested in anything pertaining to war.

Living at No. 10 Milbank Street, under the shadow of the great tower of the Houses of Parliament, is an artist, Mr. Thomas Beaufort, whose home is a storehouse of precious old prints and rare books. In Chelsea Hospital hang a few score of battle flags picked up by our army in various parts of the world, the owners having no further use for them.

Many of these threaten to disappear into dust, so the authorities, knowing Beaufort to be a specialist in military matters, engaged him to paint "life size" and accurately colored reproductions of these war trophies.

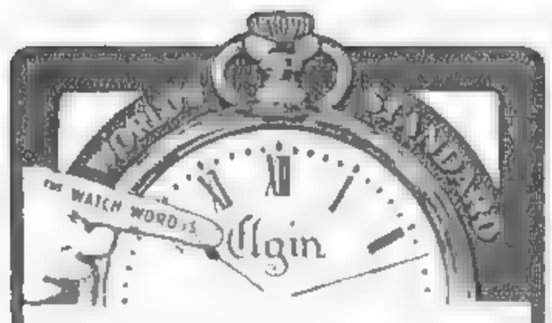
This commission brought Mr. Beaufort into contact with Sir Donald, and the old Field Marshal fell into the habit of making his way down to Milbank Street and sitting in the artist's den and examining one by one his treasures relating to fighting. Only a few weeks before his death the old warrior turned up brisk and cheery, and after going through a large number of works left, promising to call at a certain time on a certain day. When the day arrived the kind old Field Marshal was in his coffin.

Yonkers Golf in Paris

From Yonkers and St. Andrews, from Dinard and Weston super Mare, the followers of the ancient and royal game of golf came up to Paris for the international match—an appendix of the Exposition. The match was held at Compiègne. The links there are the best in France [illegible] on the continent. The eighteen hole course would vie with the Inches of Perth. The favorite was a Jedburgh Scot, a veteran of the St. Andrews links. Among his eleven opponents was Mr. C. E. Sands, the tennis champion of Yonkers.

"I really play golf very little," he said, "my game is tennis. Still I think I'll go round."

He came home with a score of 167, winning the first prize. It was a popular victory. The American colony cheered itself hoarse. There was one other prize worth taking, that of the Ladies' Championship. It was won by Miss Margaret Abbott, of the Chicago Golf Club, who did the nine holes of the ladies' course in forty-seven strokes, while Miss P. Whittier, of New York, was second, with a score of forty-nine. As you see, it was an American day. In all the sporting tournaments of the year the Yankees have been first or in the first flight. On the race track they have had all the important mounts, dethroning the English jockeys who have heretofore had things all their own way. It is an indication, perhaps a prophecy. The nation that is on top in athletic sports is bound to be on top in the bigger international games of commerce and statecraft.



Any watch **may** be good. Every

Elgin Watch

must be good—It is so manufactured You can rely fully on its accuracy, its durability, its lasting beauty. *Full Ruby Jeweled.*

An Elgin watch always has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works—fully guaranteed. *Send for booklet.*

Elgin National Watch Co., Elgin, Ill.

STEWART'S
Duplex Safety Pins

Fasten from either side—do not slip through. Effective [illegible] duplicated by any other maker

Patented

Ten Sizes

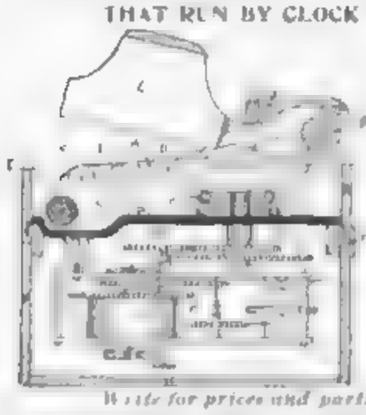
Have
"Consolidated Safety Pin Co."
On Every Card

None Genuine without our Name on Card

If dealers cannot supply you, send three two-cent stamps for sample of twelve assorted sizes

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN COMPANY
Box 163, Bloomfield, N. J.
ALSO MAKERS OF HOLDFAST HAIRPINS

TIME STAMPS
THAT RUN BY CLOCK WORK



Invaluable for stamping time and date on orders, telegrams letters, etc

We make a special time stamp for use in printing time on job tickets in factories, etc

Write for prices and particulars.

BAIRD CLOCK MFG. CO., Station U, Chicago

A BATH FOR 2 CENTS
Is Furnished by the
VICTOR INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER

[illegible] Joliet, Ill

WOODWORK SPECIALTIES

If you wish your specialties in woodwork manufactured, we can give you lowest prices and satisfactory work. Write us for estimates

Racine Refrigerator and Fixture Co.
Racine, Wis.

Go Where the Roses Bloom

California, visited under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Personally Conducted Tour, is rendered doubly attractive. Leave New York and Philadelphia February 14. Rate, $150, covering all expenses For further information, address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Pass. Agt., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Publick Occurrences"

Spending the Nation's Money

It is a curious fact of our national development that practically every great scheme of public improvement has been attended by charges of extravagance or by scandal

Anything that calls for a large amount of public money immediately arouses antagonism. Often there is good ground for the opposition. Often again, it is to the interest of the public that the big things should be done with the assistance of the general Government. The question is one which divides parties and excites a large amount of comment and criticism: but after all is said and done the fact remains that many of the great things would never have been accomplished so soon if they had been left to the unaided development of individual enterprises

Inevitably the people at the head of big things make money out of them, whether the capital behind them comes from the public treasury or from numerous stockholders Frequently it has happened that the authors of great and useful schemes have suffered from hostile opinion for years, and have finally been adjudged public benefactors in spite of everything that was said against them.

The builder of modern Paris and the builder of modern Washington tasted the bitterness of criticism only to be acclaimed builders of the most beautiful capitals of the world. The projectors of the Pacific railroads undoubtedly secured large pay for services they rendered; but the value of the railroads themselves has never been questioned. Still, the fact remains that it has cost the Government more to put through many of these great schemes than it should have and would have had their administration been honest

The Era of Highways

In the first part of the country's history the main necessity was public roads. After a while came the turnpikes maintained by private companies, and on these soulless corporations the wrath of the public was satisfied vented. It was not until 1796 that Congress authorized the building of a national road from Baltimore through Pennsylvania and Ohio to Illinois, a distance of 650 miles. It played a great part in the development of the country; but there were all sorts of accusations as to favored contractors and excessive charges

In the early part of the country's history Washington's advice as to internal improvement helped largely to allay the extravagances of politics; but even his propositions did not always meet with favor. He was the largest owner of land on the west side of the Alleghenies, and his recommendation that a canal be constructed across the mountains so as to connect the Ohio River with the Potomac was considered by some of the extremists to be calculated to help his personal finances. Similar charges were made against other schemes, but afterward the Government did help the building of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and it would have reached the Ohio had not the era of the railroad overtaken it on its way. In the case of the Erie Canal there were the usual comments from the opposition.

Roadways, canals and railways form the series of internal improvements undertaken with the assistance of Government money

The Helping of the Waterways

Then followed a new era in the development of the United States. The war tariffs provided a great revenue which made possible the expenditure of millions of dollars upon other improvements. Congress rushed into the enlargement of rivers and the deepening of harbors, and the River and Harbor bill became one of the successful features of every Congressional session. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent in this way. Almost every Representative put forth his best efforts to capture as much as possible for his particular district, and appropriations were made for some streams that could never be made navigable. One day "Sunset" Cox arose in Congress and, attacking a certain feature of the bill, said that he had no doubt whatever that the stream was once in the place indicated, but he was sorry to add that some one had bored an auger hole in the bed and it had disappeared

Ridicule did much to correct the evils of river and harbor legislation; but if Congress had had its own way many more millions of dollars would have been spent. The sensible course was taken when the expenditure of the money was placed in the hands of the army engineers. One great thing about our army is that it is the most honest in the world

The Era of Internal Development

There has been in one way or another a practically continuous policy of internal development in the United States. In roadways and waterways it has aimed at the increase of the public convenience and the expansion of domestic commerce

At the present time, when expansion is an uppermost topic in the politics and comments of the day, there is a disposition to increase the home facilities as well as to spread the national control over other lands. The greatness of our area offers the opportunities for thousands of farms, for towns and cities, and for all the accessories of modern progress which go to make up the wealth and greatness of civilization

The idea has not the same romance as the conquest of the seas or the capture of the markets of the world, but belongs to the larger and closer part of national growth

The Future of American Deserts

In one of the latest official reports of the Government Dr. Frederick Haynes Newell states: "There is still vacant and open to settlement within the boundaries of the United States (not including the Territory of Alaska) an area comprising nearly 630,000,000 acres, or one-third of the total extent of the country." He says further: "By far the greater portion of the vacant public lands over ninety-five per cent.—is classed as arid or semi-arid in character, and depends for its future value not so much upon altitude, mineral contents or geological structure as upon the presence or absence of water. Thus it is that the question of water supply, its quantity, quality and availability, is one upon which pivots the future of the national domain."

The arid region of this country is larger than the entire area of some of the nations of the earth. It includes portions of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico, and smaller portions of North and South Dakota, Nevada, Kansas and Texas, hundreds of thousands of acres in California, two-thirds of Oregon, one-third of Washington, and almost all of Idaho—altogether a total of over a million square miles, enough, in fact, to accommodate one-half the people of the United States when the land is made productive

To allow all this splendid country to go to waste would be contrary to the spirit of a practical nation

Water for the Wilderness

All this arid land needs is irrigation Already a large part of it has been converted to fertility by the artificial supply of water Gradually and strongly the experts of the Government have urged upon Congress a policy of assistance which will convert many of these acres into fertile fields. In this way the suggestion has come that to the River and Harbor bill there shall be added a provision for storage reservoirs in the far West. If it should be done land that is now of no practical value would soon be worth ten or twenty dollars an acre, and thus it happens that far Western influences are openly in favor of the proposition. Something like five millions of dollars is the first suggestion in the way of the new departure

The usual outcry has been raised that these appropriations involve vast expenses in which private individuals will profit enormously. Whether this be true or not it is difficult to say; but it repeats the same fact which has been familiar in the development of the country since its beginning. Further than that, it is a certainty in the internal expansion of the nation, whether the money comes from the public or from private purses, that it will come from somewhere, and that the great arid areas of the West will be made to bloom and blossom in magnificent fertility.

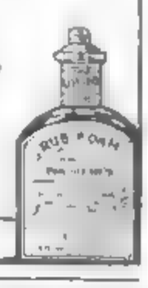
Already nearly a million acres of the Sahara Desert have been reclaimed. In Egypt the process has been used with splendid success, and wherever tried irrigation has produced profitable results. And here it will outstrip all other records

BEGIN EARLY TO USE
RUBIFOAM
FOR THE TEETH

IT starts them right and keeps them white. Its delicious flavor pleases young and old.

Price 25c At Druggists'

PREPARED BY
E. W. HOYT & Co
LOWELL, MASS.



A KNIFE THAT WILL CUT AND HOLD AN EDGE

[illegible] cut is two-thirds size of Senator style

Blades are hand [illegible] from the finest razor steel and every knife warranted. Handles [illegible] indestructible transparent composition more beautiful than pearl Beneath handles are placed name, address, photos, society emblems, etc

SENATOR STYLE.	No. 118. 2 blades,	$1.20	Agents Wanted
	No. 120. 3 blades,	1.60	
	No. 122. 4 blades.	1.85	Everywhere

Send 2-ct stamp for catalog and terms.

Novelty Cutlery Co., 17 Bar Street, Canton, O.

HALT!
The Chelsea Flash Pistol

Babies enough to escape
Babies
Children
Groups
Interiors
Photographed Instantly

Doubles the Use and Value of your Camera

Carried in the [illegible] of Several
Sold by [illegible] dealers at [illegible] $2 50.

Chelsea Manufacturing Co., 100 Main St., Chelsea, Mich

FOR DRAFT 10%
THE STOVE PIPE WATER HEATER, $15.00, goes in any stove pipe and with waste heat warms water or extra room
THE FURNACE SAVED HELPER, [illegible] pipe, steam or [illegible] or and BY warms rooms furnace can [illegible] spent on two weeks' trial. Our REGEN- 40%
OUTSTRIPS FURNACE HAVETY VALVE, $10.00, no hot-water plant [illegible]
HELPER
Agents Wanted

Dunlop Pneumatic Tires

For Bicycles
For Carriages
For Automobiles

Send for Booklet

The American Dunlop Tire Co
Belleville, N. J. Chicago, [illegible]

JOURNALISM

[illegible] is a pleasant career to enter, and young men and women [illegible] duties of newspaper work [illegible] studies of [illegible] are also [illegible]

TAUGHT BY MAIL.

[illegible] Send for Booklet [illegible] of the Week [illegible]

Free [illegible]

[illegible] Correspondence Institute [illegible] Washington, D. C.

Knox's Gelatine

Makes a pint more jelly than any other package of equal size—a *quart* more than some.

That's a small point compared to its purity. It is as transparent as sparkling water

I WILL MAIL FREE

My book of recipes "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send a 2c. stamp.

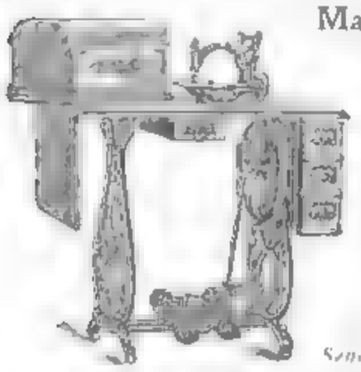
For 5c. in stamps the book and full pint sample.

For 15c. the book and full two-quart package (two for 25c.). Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

CHAS. B. KNOX
53 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

B. Eldredge AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.



Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Send for Circular

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO.
BELVIDERE, ILL.

Chicago House, 49 Jackson Boulevard. New York House, 93 Reade Street.

HOW LONG?

You may be a good risk for insurance now, but a bad cold or spell of sickness might eliminate that necessary requisite for insurance in a Strong, Liberal and Progressive Insurance Company, such as the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
921-923-925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

One booklet, "How and W" sent free on request

The New England Watch Company

ARTISTIC SPECIALTIES

For the season are shown

In our Blue Book for Ladies
In our Red Book for Men's **Watches**

Either or both sent on application

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.
[illegible] Union Square, - - New York City
[illegible] Jackson Street, - - Chicago, Ill.
[illegible] Markets Building, San Francisco, Cal.

ILLUSTRATING

Taught by Mail, also Designing and Newspaper Sketching. Be [illegible] quickly for profitable work [illegible] and most practical school [illegible] ated. Individual instruction adapted to all. Students enthusiastic. Easy terms. Write to day [illegible] full partic[illegible]

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
11 Penn. Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Plays for Amateurs We are the largest dealers in plays in the U. S., and can furnish any title in print. Catalogue for the asking. Dramatic Department

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 923 Arch St., Philadelphia

Are You Deaf?

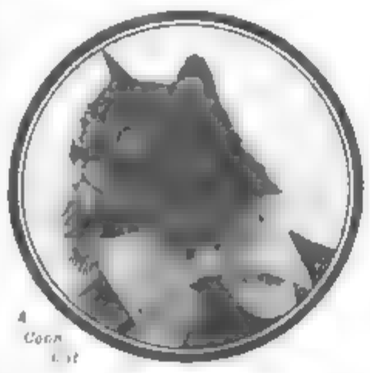
We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing Sent on approval. Write for cata[illegible]

Wm. T. Willis & Co., 131 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

Back-Yard Business Enterprises

RAISING CATS FOR PROFIT

By René Bache



A Coon Cat

THE rearing of coon cats is a coming industry. Coon-cats are worth to-day from five dollars to one hundred dollars apiece, and the supply does not begin to meet the demand. Exceptional specimens have been known to fetch two hundred or even three hundred dollars. At the present time all of them come from Maine, simply for the reason that the breed is peculiar as yet to that State. Their popularity is such that the business of breeding them has been rapidly growing during the last few years in that part of the country, and one shipper, not very far from Bar Harbor, exported in 1899 no fewer than three thousand of the animals.

Strange to say, there are comparatively few people south or west of New England who know what a coon cat is. If you ask that question "down in Maine," however, the citizens will seem surprised at your ignorance and will explain to you, in a condescending way, that the creature in question is half raccoon—the descendant of [illegible] between a 'coon and a common cat. Coon-cats have been recognized as a distinct breed in Maine for so long that the memory of the oldest inhabitant runs not back to their beginning. You will find several of them in almost any village in that part of the world.

Naturalists, who are ever iconoclastic and rudely destructive of local beliefs in matters of zoology, have a different explanation for the coon cat. They say that early French settlers in the neighborhood of Montreal and Quebec brought numerous "Angoras" with them to the American provinces and interbred them with every day cats.

The result of this cross between the Angora and the common cat, according to the naturalists, is the coon cat, which, as a variety, appears to have chosen Maine as its favorite home. One does not hear of it nowadays from the region of Montreal and Quebec, though perhaps there may be a few in that part of the country. It is apt to have markings similar to those of the raccoon, and it was in this way that the theory regarding its derivation originated. At the same time it is far more beautiful than any Angora.

An Angora Cat

Though exceedingly tame and gentle, the coon-cat has a distinctly fierce look—an aspect of ferocity that is positively funny, in view of the mildness of its temper. Its expression resembles that of a wildcat of the woods, while its eyes are of extraordinary size and always so very wide-open as to give the effect of a stare. Long eyebrows, much developed mustaches, and elongated tufts of hair projecting from the inside of the ears might indicate an animal that was accustomed to dwell in caves, where feelers take the place of eyesight. The face is much shorter than that of a common cat, the nose being snubbed, and finally, the fur is long—sometimes four or five inches in length.

It is actually true that strangers seeing coon-cats for the first time do not always recognize them as cats at all. The writer has seen a twenty pound specimen sitting on an apothecary's counter in Portland, Maine. It was striped like a tiger, had long hair, was of fierce appearance, had eyebrows three inches and mustaches four inches long, stared with huge yellow eyes at nothing at all, wagged a short and bushy tail, and was the most amiable and attention-loving creature imaginable.

Such, at its best, is the coon cat. Of late it has become known outside of New England, and a demand for it has followed. That it is something remarkable in the feline way is sufficiently evidenced by the high prices it commands. There is no reason why the market for coon-cats should depend for its supply wholly upon the State of Maine, inasmuch as they can be raised just as well further south.

Anybody who will raise these cats in a more southern latitude will have an obvious advantage in the market so far as his own immediate neighborhood is concerned, inasmuch as the cost of expressage will be saved, and an important point to be considered is that the animals do not well stand transportation for long distances. A cat—any kind of cat, big or little—is a very nervous creature. It is, perhaps, the most nervous of all animals. But the coon-cat is by far the most nervous of all cats, and a specimen has been known actually to faint after being carried for an hour in a basket, so that it had to be restored with stimulants, and recovered only after it was supposed to be beyond possibility of revival.

This is why the dealers who ship coon-cats from Maine oblige the consignees to assume all responsibility for safe delivery. In many instances the animals, after a long railroad journey, arrive dead, from sheer nervous exhaustion. The people who forward them make special arrangements with the railroads for the supply of food and water to the feline passengers, and it is a part of the arrangement that each cat shall be taken out of its box or basket at each feeding time and be comforted incidentally to the feeding.

The best possible home for coon-cats is a barn, with no buildings in its immediate neighborhood. Cats in general—and coon cats are no exception to the rule—attach themselves not to persons, but to localities; they care nothing for individuals, notwithstanding illusions to the contrary cherished by their owners, but everything for the places which they have come to associate with comfort and food supply. Hence there is no danger that the "stock" will run away if they are cared for and fed on the premises where they are expected to remain.

Where there is not plenty of space—as is likely to be the case in a city—even a fair sized back yard will serve for rearing coon cats on a limited scale; and when they sell for such large prices, even a small output numerically may be decidedly profitable. A shed, in such a situation, will provide the requisite shelter, protection merely from weather being necessary, and all that remains to be provided is a few half closed wooden boxes, suitable for "nests," lined with rags or hay. For nesting purposes, a coon-cat prefers a box open at one end.

Where the quarters are restricted, plenty of ashes and earth, renewed at frequent intervals, should be supplied. Male cats are most in demand and bring the highest prices.

The chief difficulty in the raising of coon cats is the matter of temperature. They do not stand warm weather well, and in very hot spells often [illegible].

A pair of coon-cats, or several of them, may easily be obtained direct from Maine by anybody who will take the trouble to procure the address of a dealer in that State. A readier way to get them is to buy them from a fancier, or from one of the big department stores, which may have the desired kind in its bird and cat department. Once secured, they will prove their own advertisement.

A Nibble at Night

Going to bed hungry is just as foolish as over-eating—take the middle course—get a box of Bremner's Butter Wafers for the bite before bedtime—just enough to appease the hunger—too light and crisp and flaky to make you sorry you ate them.

BREMNER'S Butter Wafers

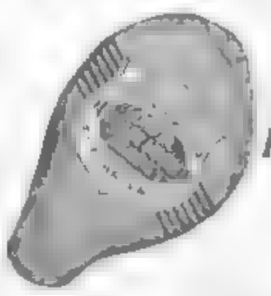
are baked by the bakers that make the famous **Uneeda** products. Seasoned with a slight sprinkling of salt, which gives a piquant flavor. Packed in the famous "Inner-seal Patent Package," which always insures freshness.

Sold at all grocers.

National Biscuit Company.

A "Ferris" Ham

and a



Flitch of

Boneless Bacon

Six Blue Stripes woven in the cover and the Metal Seal prove the "FERRIS" of it.

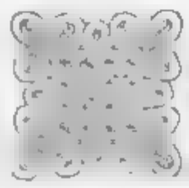
"A Little Higher in Price, But—!"

WOMEN MAKE MONEY BY LEARNING ALL ABOUT Millinery!

[illegible] trim your own hats or engage in the millinery business. Materials at wholesale.

FREE [illegible] full information how to make them. Every [illegible] have it. *Send to day.*

MME. DE PAUL COMPANY, 918 Champlain Building, Chicago.



9 for 10 Cents

[illegible] mixed cambric. Also our new 100-page catalogue of Fancy Work Novelties and Handkerchiefs. All for 10 cents.

C. S. DAVISSON & CO.
391 Broadway New York. Dept 69

Takes the Dirt and Leaves the Clothes

B.T. Babbitt's

1776

Soap Powder

Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SOME one has said that the heart of a nation is known by its songs, and if this be true I am wondering why it may not also be true that the heart of a community may be determined by its public celebrations; for lately I have seen this great Capital in the throes of its celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the seat of Government here, and in the light of this celebration I should say that the public heart of the District of Columbia is about as mellow and responsive as a wooden nutmeg. Perhaps the multitude that thronged the streets on that day realized that the human kind is "not fitted to bear long the burden of great joys" and that they would better enter into the pleasures of the day much as they would enter into matrimony as the prayer-book admonishes, "discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

I wondered if this multitude was like every other multitude which some one characterizes as "a monster with heads enough, but no heart and little brains;" or was this multitude so accustomed to Presidents, Governors, diplomats and bigwigs generally that nothing could shake it from its calm?

Nothing seemed to impress it or to stir it up, not even the queer spectacle of the Governor of Rhode Island and his Staff rumbling along in the procession in automobiles that were painted black and yellow after the pattern of huge black and yellow spiders of the variety that can be found on pumpkin vines.

Nor yet, when the Governor of New York came along with his Staff, did the faces of the multitude relax. Surely, thought I, this was a chance for enthusiasm, for the Governor's Staff was getting up [illegible] to a number that would have put Solomon in all his glory to the blush. Such combinations of [illegible] green, gray, gold and lace were never before seen in the group of any table of chess. The Governor himself was modestly tucked into the corner of his carriage and was scarcely visible or recognizable under an unfamiliar silk hat, and best of the glitter and flash of his Staff were overshadowing. One of his Staff was attired in a red uniform with a remarkable red hat or cap that was surmounted by white heron plumes. He was the cynosure of all eyes, and was variously mistaken for an Austrian hussar, for the new envoy from Siam, and finally one small boy cried out the triumphant solution:

Oh, I know who that cove is! It's the Sultan of Sulu!"

This was quite satisfactory to the crowd.

As for the [illegible] of the nation himself he was of course [illegible] and cheered but [illegible] ever with that same chaste reserve that so astonished me. I wondered if the President, although he smiled and bowed all along the [illegible], did not think away down in his heart that John Adams was having decidedly the best of it in this celebration. He did not have to ride in an open carriage that could only go at a snail's pace and expose the crown of his head every two minutes to a cold, biting wind, and he did not have to listen all day long to speeches from which, for the most part, the divine spark was missing, and then have to let himself be pump-handled indiscriminately afterward. But there was one time during that long slow drive when the President must have had one moment of chuckling to himself, when the Executive face must have broadened into a smile, that was when a small urchin greeted him [illegible] with

"Feelin' pretty good, Mack?"

I wondered if the President or the Vice-President-elect should either of them turn a sudden handspring, what effect it would have upon the [illegible] would they stand aghast or would they think it was on the program? And while I was wondering this, the General of the Army [illegible] performed this little feat for me, for suddenly his mettlesome horse reared with him and fell backward, carrying the General with him in its fall. Was the crowd excited or anxious? No, it was only a pleasing diversion to them, and one voice piped up with satisfaction:

"[illegible]

And I was reminded of the episode of the [illegible] pavement last winter, and was just picking up his bruised frame from the asphalt when a timid voice said:

"Please, sir, can't you do it over again? Mamma didn't see it!"

I half expected that some one would request a repetition from the General Commanding.

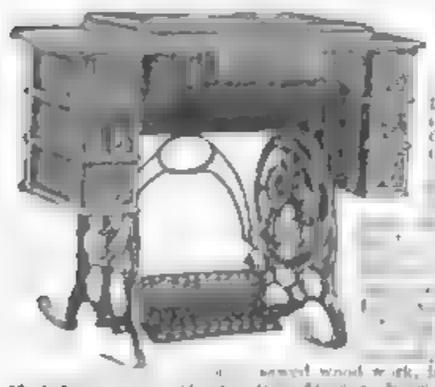
After this happening, which was not down among the orders that had been issued that morning by the head of the Army himself, I hurried to the House of Representatives for the rest of the ceremonies, and arrived there only to see the tag end of a mad and merry bout among irate members over the decorations that embellished the interior of the House. I was sorry I had not seen the [illegible] McWhirk, I do not like to miss any of the good times in this world. I got there, however, in time to see Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Reeves dancing about on the floor below, much after the manner of whirling dervishes. I had neither Robert nor Senator P—— at hand to post me, as they were taking part in the general show of the day, but by craning my neck around to see what the members below were pointing at and gesticulating about, I could see the British flag hanging in proud and graceful folds from beneath the gallery railing, and I could see also that a frantic effort was being made to do something to it. A House attendant was trying to cover it from sight by hanging a limp old signal flag of Uncle Sam's over it where it dangled crooked and out of place. I could not understand what was meant by this undue agitation, for I noticed that all around upon every side were the flags of other countries—Russia, Germany, France, Austria and Switzerland. What had this special bit of bunting done by way of offense? I wondered. It was very [illegible] I kept [illegible] It was [illegible] the flag before the floor of the House began to [illegible] with guests who were to attend the [illegible] session, and among the diplomats, of course, was the British Ambassador, Lord Pauncefote, and of course that jade, Fate, placed him where he could face directly the flag of his country or what was left visible of his flag. Serene and bland and courteous was his face, but I saw him turn his eyes upon the emblems of Russia, Austria, Germany and France, and then turn them back upon his own ensign, which was hiding its face much like a naughty child behind the folds of an old apron. There was no sign that he thought it extraordinary and he gave his attention to the speeches, but I felt that probably on the morrow there would be an [illegible] to the State Department [illegible] regret would diplomatically be the burden.

This little flag incident was most absurd and altogether lacking in dignity. I wondered if those [illegible] below had never learned that the truest wisdom is always to act with common-sense according to the moment. Some of these carping gentlemen seem to think it their duty to carry the United States around on their shoulders like the proverbial chip, for some one to knock off or to knock against, that they may assert their Americanism. They are always "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight," and I wondered if they had noticed that over the main entrance to the Capitol this same Union Jack was displayed. And had they observed that flying from the top-rail of the dome were staves of our national colors reaching and sweeping out across the [illegible] globe? Would they not have found a sinister [illegible] critics, whether in commending or carping [illegible]

Several [illegible] the fast filling floor below, and I saw Mr. Wu [illegible] he was heading rapidly and straight for the Speaker's chair. Was he going to wield the gavel? Was he down on the program? I was not always able to keep up with this energetic Minister from the Flowery Kingdom. But no, some one had taken him in tow and given him a seat. He carried in [illegible] looked like a fancy silk table-cover in bright [illegible] strings hitched to it. I was not a little puzzled to know what part of his [illegible] might be. Perhaps it was his chest protector although he was closely enveloped in wool lined, fur trimmed garments. Perhaps it

Editor's Note — This is one of a series of weekly letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

From Factory to Family at Factory Prices



$21.50 Buys this machine. Drop head cabinet as shown. Our beautiful catalogue sent FREE.

[illegible] sewing machine, in oak, walnut [illegible]

"On Approval" [illegible] returned to us at OUR EXPENSE if not satisfactory.

[illegible] No. 8452

The National Mercantile Co., Toledo, Ohio

Largest Eastern Mail Order House

HOPPER'S CAN OPENER

Does perfect work
Easy to operate
No jagged edges
Turns edge of can down
Price, postpaid, 25 cents
Money refunded if not satisfactory

CHAS. G. HOPPER, Manufacturer, Germantown, Pa.

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

[illegible] A vacuum being formed to [illegible] The ribs inside prevent [illegible] the child bites them, [illegible] they cannot be pulled [illegible]

Sample Free by Mail.

WALTER E. WARE, [illegible]

"QUICK" Buggy and Wagon Jack

Saves time in Carriage Barn and Wagon Shed, also in lifting heavy articles in the [illegible] shop. Strong Durable and compact that it can be carried in any vehicle. Made of Giant in Strength Malleable Iron and Hardwood, neatly finished. Quality warranted, price reasonable. Live agents are making big money. Free Samples. Jersey terms. Send for free illustrated catalogue.

QUICK MFG. CO., Dept. 91, GALION, OHIO.

WHEATLET FOR ATHLETES

A giant among foods, it makes giants among men. It is a complete food for every part of the body

From Infancy to Old Age

Makes Bone, Muscle, Brain. It is nutriment and all nutriment, with most delicious flavor. No breakfast is complete without it

For Sale by Grocers Everywhere

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

THE FRANKLIN MILLS COMPANY

Lockport, New York

The Luxurious Every-Day Train to California

The Overland Limited leaves Chicago 6.30 P. M. via Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific System.

Dining cars à la carte. Buffet Library Cars with barber. Drawing Room Sleeping Cars without charge. The best of everything

Send for booklet "California Illustrated."

[illegible] Broadway, New York
[illegible] Chest St., Philadelphia
[illegible] Martine, Detroit
[illegible] King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

There's no reflection so dainty, no light so charming as the mellow glow that comes from

CORDOVA Wax Candles

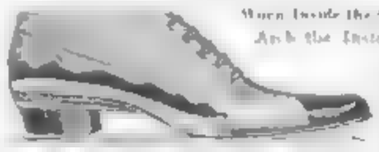
[illegible]

STANDARD OIL CO.

Gilbert's Heel Cushions

Worn Inside the Shoe for Easy Walking

Ask the Dealer. Increase Height. Make Neat



[illegible]

GILBERT MFG. CO., 14 Elm Street, Rochester, N. Y.

COLT TRADE MARK

Carbide Feed
ACETYLENE GENERATORS

are endorsed by the U. S. Government, by the State of Pennsylvania, and by all other disinterested authorities.

They embody the latest and most approved principles of construction, and are guaranteed by the largest concern engaged in the business to be of perfect workmanship.

Made from the best material by expert mechanics.

Economical and Safe. **Easy of Operation.**

J. B. COLT CO., Dept. G
408 EAST 32d STREET, NEW YORK
146 Franklin Street, Boston.
189 La Salle Street, Chicago.
421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

BIRD MANNA

The great secret of the Canary Breeders of the Harts Mountains in Germany; it will restore the song of Cage Birds, will prevent their ailments, and keep them in good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will carry the little musician through this critical period without the loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in Postage Stamps.

Sold by all Druggists

Bird Book Free on application.

THE PHILADELPHIA BIRD FOOD CO.
400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NEW MADONNA. By Sichel

The above beautiful Madonna reproduced in our famous

Beacon Hill Prints

Which are made on genuine platinotype paper, fourteen times size of above cut, 50c. Twenty-five times size of cut, unmounted, $1.50. Or any of the following Madonnas:

Sistine Madonna — *By Raphael*
Bordenhausen Madonna — *By Bordenhausen*
Madonna of the Olive — *By Bavalino*

Sent securely packed, prepaid, to any address, together with our catalogue.

Catalogue only 5 cents.

CELEBRITY PHOTO & ART CO.
256 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.

If Your Leg Swells

The Veins Enlarged or Varicose, or there is Tenderness, Itching, Burning, etc., **do not waste time and money on salves.**

OUR PATENT SEAMLESS HEEL

Elastic Stocking

Is the only quick and successful treatment. *Send for Catalog.* It tells you how to measure and gives manufacturer's prices. **The Stockings Fit,** as we weave all to measure. None more durable, as we make the elastic used in them fresh every day and ship direct from our factory to you.

CURTIS & SPINDELL CO.
Alley Bldg., Munroe St., Lynn, Mass.

BE A WRITER

Earn money at home by writing stories and articles. We revise, edit and criticise manuscripts. We know what editors want. Mention this magazine and we will send you FREE our prospectus containing helpful suggestions to young writers and valuable information concerning story writing.

Writers' Aid Association, 150 Nassau St., New York

was a symbolic emblem of Confucius that he would wave aloft if an appropriate, or an approved, peroration should strike upon his ear.

Suddenly my eye wandered from him to the Governor of New York, who seemed to be seeking for a place to bestow himself, and I wondered if no place had been set apart for him. Apparently not, since he tried one or two before he found one to his liking, which was over on the Democratic side, five or six rows back.

Just then I waked to the fact that the first oration of the afternoon was on, and it seemed to me that if ever the orator had a chance he had it now. If ever the divine spark of eloquence was to be struck now was the time. As the hours wore on, and one oration trod upon the heels of another, I began to grow alarmed at myself. Was my brain becoming cloudy and befogged? Or was it of that order of brains which, like the microscope, can receive nothing big and great? Or was I taking on something of the atmosphere of the multitude in the streets? Or was the eloquence of these orations so great as to paralyze and hold one mute? The sad truth was that these addresses, clever, scholarly, brilliant though they were, did not strike the spark for me. They seemed only "words, words, words."

The other day when I went up to the Senate to listen to Senator Hanna's maiden effort upon the Subsidy bill, Senator P—— came up into the gallery a few minutes, seemingly to try to draw me out. He questioned me rather closely about my statement at dinner the other night concerning the foreign lobby that is said to be working against this bill. I was a little uneasy at the adroit way in which he tried to find out upon what authority I had made my statement, and I remembered that Robert, too, had questioned me upon the same thing after our guests had gone that night. But I had made up my mind that I would not recount my little experience, which had at the time seemed so fraught with significance. I would drop the whole thing and not mix up in what did not really concern me. I turned Senator P——'s questions aside or parried them, and at the close of Mr. Hanna's speech I tried to get him to tell me what he thought of it, but the Senator was not in the mood to discuss the speech. He would only utter the one word "strong" in regard to it. Just then the little bells of the Senate began to jangle all over that end of the building. I was almost glad of the sound, and turned to the Senator with an inquiry.

"Executive session?"

"Yes; the vote on the Treaty Amendment will be taken."

I was all interest in this and said:

"Oh! I do wish I could stay."

"You'll hear every word to-night in the evening papers," said he grimly, "and the reports will be far less garbled than if they were given out to the press."

I was surprised, and exclaimed:

"How in the world does it all get out? The galleries are cleared and the doors locked and the pages not present."

"Ah, Mrs. Slocum, it is just what we've been for years trying to find out. Once, years ago, when Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, there was an important foreign matter up for discussion before the Cabinet, and the utmost secrecy was of course maintained, but the whole thing was blazoned about in a few hours after the Cabinet meeting. So the President hastily sent for his Cabinet to talk over this leak. Each man had a different idea of it. Finally Mr. Webster arose, saying:

"You, gentlemen, go on with your discussion and I'll be back in a minute."

In a few minutes he returned and repeated every word that had been spoken in the room in his absence. He explained that if, by standing close to the door outside the Cabinet room, you held your ear to it, you could not distinguish one intelligible word, but if, moving back from the door and a little to one side upon a certain spot in the carpet, you kept an attentive ear, every word could be plainly heard as though whispered. Some enterprising eavesdropper had been experimenting with the door, and had found that upon that exact spot there was some acoustic property of the door or room that conveyed the sound in perfect entirety.

"Have you tried if this may not be the case with your doors?" asked I.

"Good Heavens! Mrs. Slocum, we should have to seal hermetically every aperture in this entire end of the Capitol—perhaps even to seal up some apertures other than doors."

I wondered what he meant, but I asked no questions, and we silently left the gallery.

A RARE TREAT

Awaits you if you have not tried

Diamond Condensed Soups

The best soups made anywhere by anybody. They are not canned soups, soup powders or soup stock, but are pure soups condensed to solid form, put up in small *paper cartons*, each making one quart of purée or two quarts of thin soup as delicious and wholesome as may be made by a skilled cook from the best fresh materials. Keep perfectly in any climate. Are highly nutritious and will not distress the most delicate stomach. **No Tin to Fear. No Water to Pay For. No Trouble to Prepare.** Made in these varieties: Cream of Celery, Green Pea, Beef and Onion, Tomato, Bean, German Vegetable. If your grocer does not have them he can get them for you, or a Free Sample will be sent for a two-cent stamp and his address.

The Maximum of Excellence; the Minimum of Cost.

DIAMOND SOUP COMPANY, J. Howard Jones & Son, Sole Sales Agents. Chicago

"She walks the waters like a thing of life"

PROPERLY DESCRIBES

A Truscott Boat

Better Boats And Machinery Cannot Be Made

THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL. PERFECT MODELS. THEY REQUIRE LITTLE MORE ATTENTION TO BE ALWAYS READY THAN A ROWBOAT.

Fastest—Handsomest—Cheapest—Best

Free illustrated booklet gives details.

TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., St. Joseph, Mich.

Alois P. Swoboda

Teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise, without any apparatus whatever, and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development, and elasticity of mind and body.

Perfect Health means an absolute freedom from *those ailments which a well-informed mind knows are directly or indirectly due to a lack of properly arranged exercise.*

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case.

Write at once for full information and Booklet, containing indorsements from many of America's leading citizens, to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA
34-36 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Home Calendar

THE Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway has issued a neat miniature calendar for 1901, for home use, being a direct reproduction by color photography, from the original of one of George Taggart's charming paintings—subject "After a Long Silence."

It is a noble picture, filled with a delightful sentiment, and though the reproduction is small it faithfully portrays the artist's work.

The calendar will be sent to any address for four cents in postage by A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

The LEAD that LEADS

In strength, smoothness and service is used in

DIXON'S American Graphite PENCILS

Pencil perfection is a term that can be truly used in describing the product of the DIXON factories. Each one bearing our trademark, the best of its kind. If not sold by your dealer, mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and send us 16c. for samples worth double.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

Modes & Fabrics

3 Months for 10 Cents

350 Pearl St., N.Y.

BEST IN FASHIONS AND LITERATURE

Pilgrims to Florida's Clime

Find the Pennsylvania Railroad Tours a great convenience. Two weeks to three months in the "Flowery Peninsula." Dates, February 5 and 19, and March 5. Rates, $50 from New York; $48 from Philadelphia. For detailed itineraries, address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

California
The Gateway To the Orient

Numerous profitable business openings in California.

Make money in orange and lemon groves, vineyards, wineries, orchards.

Make money in cattle and sheep ranches, wheat fields, beet sugar culture, varied farm products.

Make money in mines, oil wells, manufacturing, trading.

The **California Limited** runs daily, Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco, via **Santa Fe Route.**

For illustrated pamphlets, address

General Passenger Office
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
CHICAGO

PENMANSHIP SELF TAUGHT. The Palmer method of Muscular Movement writing teaches any one rapid, common-sense, business writing at home. No failures. An unbroken record of phenomenal success. Easy to learn. Adds to a better position. 88 **Lessons postpaid 25 cents.** These complete lessons and in addition newspaper illustration, off-hand flourishing, ornamental writing, automatic lettering and illustrations from famous penmen, with a year's subscription to that beautiful 32-page monthly, **The Western Penman,** for one year, on receipt of only $1.00. Money refunded if you are not delighted and wonderfully benefited. *Circulars and sample copy of Penman free.* Address

The Western Penman Publishing Co., C, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Planters

IN EVERY CLIME

TESTIFY TO THE SUPERIORITY OF

HENDERSON'S SEEDS

Our 1901 Catalogue of

Everything for the Garden

Is a 190-page book, 9 x 11 inches, containing over 700 engravings and 8 superb colored plates of Vegetables and Flowers—a perfect mine of information on garden topics.

To give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope
Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who incloses us **10 cents** (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, **free of charge,** our famous **50-cent "Garden" Collection** of seeds, containing one packet each of *Jubilee Phlox, Giant Victoria Aster, Giant Fancy Pansy, Pink Plume Celery, Mignonette Lettuce* and *Lorillard Tomato*, in a **red envelope,** which, when emptied and returned, will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

Peter Henderson & Co

35 and 37 Cortlandt Street, New York

FERRY'S SEEDS

You **know** what you're planting when you plant Ferry's Seeds. If you buy cheap seeds you can't be sure. Take no chances—get Ferry's. Dealers everywhere sell them. Write for 1901 Seed Annual—mailed free.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.

CUT A FIGURE IN THE WORLD

We teach mechanics the theory of their work; help misplaced people to change their work; enable young people to support themselves while learning a profession.

250,000 students and graduates in Mechanical, Electrical, Steam and Civil Engineering, Telegraphy, Architecture, Stenography, Book-keeping, etc. Write for circular and mention subject in which interested.

International Correspondence Schools
Established 1891. Capital $1,500,000.
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags

"Save 20 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Steel clips in leather tabs. Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. A tag for each account. 400 kinds kept in stock, including Cities, Numbers, Accounts, Alphabets, Months, States, Days, and Tags to WRITE ON.

Ledger Tag—⅞ in. size

Made also in 1, 1½ and 2 in. sizes

Used by Chicago Telephone Co., Chicago.
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Hartford.
Am. Smelting and Refining Co., Denver.

Catalog and Price-List FREE. Sample Tag, Five Cents.

Dept. F, CHAS. C. SMITH, Mfr., Exeter, Nebraska
Canadian Agents, GRAND & TOY, Ltd., Toronto.

THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN

Can hold his trousers securely with the Improved Washburne Patent Trousers Supporters, which grip the waistband and hook over the belt. Instantly removed. By mail, 10 cents each. Catalogue of these and other novelties made with Washburne Fasteners, Free.

AMERICAN RING CO.
Box 93, Waterbury, Conn.

PATENTS

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH
Washington, D. C.

No Attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for "INVENTOR'S GUIDE."

His Lordship

(Concluded from Page 5)

ERNEST. (*throwing up her hands*): *Ciel!* I have left my ozzer pencil in ze salon. Shall we go and get eet, Sair Henry? (*Takes his arm and exit into house.*)

MRS. F. (*stands up, outraged*): Why, the brazen thing! She is flirting with him!

JESSIE (*maliciously*): And he with her!

MRS. F.: How *dare* you slander my noble guest, Jessie? If my poor dear Ch-Charles were here—— (*Going.*)

MARMA.: Let me pwotect you, deah Mrs. Fawington!

MRS. F.: *Don't* be a fool, Marmaduke Craft. (*Exit into house, followed by* MARMADUKE.)

POLLY (*sitting down on bench L.*): *Where* did Mr. Jones say Poldoodle is, Jessie?

JESSIE (*on bench R.*): Poldoodle? (*Absently.*) In Smith's dear eyes. Oh, in the Antarctic smile.

POLLY (*sighs*): Oh, if Mr.—er—ah—Jones were only here!

TOM (*entering from street with* JACK): Angel! I *am* here! (*Sits down beside her, laying down book.*)

JACK (*halting near* JESSIE): Did—did—you call me, Miss Jessie?

JESSIE: No. Yes. Oh, *don't* go! I have er—ah—(*screams softly*) hurt my hand.

JACK (*sitting down on bench beside her and taking her hand*): Let *me* prescribe for it. (*Kisses her hand.*)

JESSIE: Oh, Mr. Smith!

JACK: Call me Jack, charming girl!

TOM (*to* POLLY): Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Polly?

POLLY: Yes. Provided, Mr. Jones——

TOM: Call me Tom, dearest angel!

POLLY: Provided—Tom—the—er—ah—*other* person (*coquettishly*) is—ah—good-looking, and a—a—*book-agent!*

TOM (*pulling his arm around her*): Scoop! (*Kisses her hand.*)

JACK (*continuing*): Yes, Miss Jessie, if you'll let me I'll be the oar for you to lean upon in the future; I'll be the ball for your racket; I'll be your gun—your game-bag——

JESSIE: Oh, *Jack!* I'd rather a—a—you know—a cartridge belt.

JACK (*puts arm around her*): Here's your belt, angel!

(*Sound of voices outside. Exeunt* JACK *and* TOM *into street.*)

(*Enter* MRS. FARRINGTON, MARMADUKE, ERNESTINE *and* JAMES ROBERT *from house.*)

HELEN (*outside*): You cannot come in. Mrs. Farrington is at dinner.

JACK (*outside*): Never mind, my daisy! Don't you tell me lies; not even white ones! (*Enters with* TOM, *who carries large book.*)

JACK (*with assurance*): Good-day, ladies! Mrs. Farrington, Sir Henry, Countess, your most devoted. (MRS. F. *glares at him.*) I have here (*takes book from* TOM), ladies *and* gentlemen, Mrs. Farrington, Mickle Rub-a-dub's Philosophy. Seven hundred pages. *Ex*-cel-lent print——

TOM (*behind Jack, writing*): "His Lordship appeared in splendid spirits. The Countess has made rapid progress in her book about the Pass."

MRS. F.: I *never* buy from book-agents.

TOM (*taking book*): No household can afford to be without this un-*ri*-valed production. Children scramble for it, mothers ramble for it, fathers gamble for it——

JACK (*behind* TOM, *writing*): "His Lordship appeared to be in most wretched health. The Countess has abandoned the idea of writing a book about the Pass."

MRS. F. (*angrily*): If you do not leave these premises I will send for the police.

JACK: All right, ma'am, we fly.

TOM: On wings of joy. (*Exit.*)

JACK: Delightful visit, Mrs. Farrington! (*Exit.*)

HELEN (*enters*): Dinner is served, Mrs. Farrington. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE VI (*The Same*)

(*Enter* ERNESTINE *and* JAMES ROBERT *from house. He leads her to a seat R.*)

J. R. (*standing L., aside*): This thing can't go on forever! But I *must* clinch the Franco-Hamerican halliance first! Gee-whiz! She must be worth a million, at least!

ERNEST. (*aside*): I must make ze hay while ze sonne shines! I must catch ze reech L-Lord while I am ze Comtesse de la Ville.

J. R. (*sits down by her, tenderly looks at* ERNESTINE, *sighs and lays hand on heart*): Bee-yu-tiful Countess! *How* did I contrive to bexist before I saw you! (*Aside.*) Pretty good for a starter, I think!

ERNEST. (*coquettishly*): Ah, zoze words, zey are like ze music in my ear. But (*sighs*) I have always hear zat ze English nobeeleetee are what you call ze *heepocrete.* (*Aside.*) I zink ze feesh bites at ze hook!

J. R.: Oh, adorable Ernestine! *May* I call you Ernestine? *I* am truth itself. Look in my heyes and be'old there how I—I—er—ah—hm—hm—love you.

ERNEST. (*sighs*): *Ecf* I could be*leefe* you!

J. R.: Ernestine! Beauchus Countess! (*Drops on knees.*) *Will* you be Lady Tipton?

ERNEST.: Ah, Sair Henry, I am yours! My château in Normandie is yours! My zouzand mousquetaire are yours! (*Throws herself in his arms.*)

MRS. F. (*outside*): Where are they? (*Enters from house with girls and* MARMADUKE.) Ah, here are the truants.

JESSIE (*sarcastically*): In *America* we are sometimes polite to our hosts.

ERNEST.: (*coolly*): Ees *zat* so! I will put *zat* in ze book.

(*Enter* JACK *and* TOM *hurriedly. After them* HELEN *and* SIR HENRY.)

JACK: I beg pardon, Mrs. Farrington——

MRS. F. (*freezingly*): I *never* buy from book-agents.

JACK: Frank Luftly has wired me from New Orleans to tell you that the Countess de la Ville, who is an elderly woman, is still at his mother's. She was unable to come over. The—ah—*person* (*bowing ironically to* ERNESTINE) pretending to be the Countess is a lady's-maid, by name Annette, who came to the Pass in search of a situation.

(*Shrieks from all.* JAMES ROBERT *moves away from* ERNESTINE.)

ERNEST.: Ze jeeg ees up, as zese Americains say. *Adieu, Madame la Comtesse de la Ville.* (*Courtesies.*) *Bon jour, Annette.* (*Courtesies.*) But, madame, I will explain——

MRS. F.: Don't speak to me, you dreadful impostor! Dear Sir Henry (*to* J. R.), can you ever forgive me for having brought you in contact with this plebeian creature? (*Goes to him and lays hand on his arm.*)

SIR H. (*stepping forward*): I cannot allow this to go on any longer, Mrs. Farrington. *I* am Sir Henry Tipton. Here are your brother Joseph's letters and my credentials. This—*person* who has assumed my name and position is, as I conjecture, the man sent to serve me as a valet——

J. R. (*grinning and bowing to* SIR HENRY): I 'ope Your Lordship will hemploy me. I come 'ighly recommended, Sir 'Enery. Jeems Robert Hanly at your service, sir.

(MRS. F. *shrieks and totters.*)

MARMA. (*rushes forward and catches her*): Let *me* pwotect you, deah K-K-Kathawine!

MRS. F. (*sobbing*): You are worth the wh-whole of them, Marmaduke C-Craft. And I'll m-m-marry you if you w-want me!

MARMA. (*overcome*): Oh! Eh! Ah! Chawmed, don't-cher-know!

SIR H.: Joe telegraphs me of the joke he played on me about colors, etc. But I forgive him. (*Leads* HELEN *forward.*) By it I have won a priceless treasure. *This* is my excuse for not having revealed myself sooner. Mrs. Farrington, I loved her as Mary Ann, the parlor-maid; I adore her as Helen Page.

(*Cheers from* JESSIE *and* POLLY.)

JACK (*who has been writing*): Mrs. Farrington, you will pardon me and my friend, Mr. Thomas Boynton (TOM *bows*), for pretending to be book-agents. But can you also pardon us when I tell you that I am Jack Brady, special correspondent for the Hightee Gazette? My report goes over at once. It's a scoop for the Gazette.

MRS. F. (*graciously*): I am sure my adored Marmaduke will join me in welcoming you both to Sea View.

TOM: *You* will be delighted to learn, Jack, that *I* am special correspondent for the Decolletée Chronicle. My report has already gone. How is that for a Chronicle scoop!

JESSIE (*crossing to him*): Never mind, Mr. Brady. You know that he who loses sometimes wins.

JACK: Oh, you green-ribboned darling!

POLLY (*to* TOM): Well, I must say *I* prefer success, Mr. Tom.

TOM: Oh, you yellow-sashed seraph!

J. R. (*leading* ERNESTINE *forward*): Say, Countess—Annette—*may* I call you Annette? I haven't the ghost of a cawstle in Hengland or hanywhere else, you know——

ERNEST. (*mournfully*): Zat is not'ing. But me, I haf no zouzand grenadier; I haf no château in Normandie. *Hélas!*

J. R.: Well, you've got a pair of bright eyes, and a face that's worth *ten* thousand musketeers! And if you'll take me for a 'usband, why 'ere's your Jeems Robert.

ERNEST.: Ees *zat* so! I will put zat in ze book! (*Writes.*)

CURTAIN

"It's Colonial"

BUY YOUR

CHAIRS AND TABLES

DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY

(No retailer's profits), and you have the best at first cost. Exclusive designs (not found in stores). On approval, freight paid; returned at our expense if not satisfactory. *Artistic Catalogue Free.*

COLONIAL FURNITURE COMPANY
29 South Division Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

IDEAL STEAM COOKERS

Lead the world and are recognized everywhere as the best. Housekeepers and cooking experts say its many advantages over all others are unquestioned. Cooks a whole meal over one burner, *on gasoline, oil, gas, electric, coal or wood stove.* **Reduces fuel bills 50 per cent. Roasts and poultry, no matter how tough, are made tender and palatable.** No steam in the house. No offensive odors. Boiling impossible. **Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water.** Send for illustrated catalogue. *Agents Wanted.*

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, Ohio

Expert Shorthand Instruction By Mail

We have the largest reporting staff in Greater New York. All instruction is individual. We do not use the old-time printed slips for the lessons. We call your attention to the *fact* that each lesson will be accompanied by a personal letter of explanation. We think we can give you better satisfaction than any business school or college, as our teaching is based on practical, every-day experience.

Terms reasonable. Write for booklet, or if in the vicinity call, and we will be pleased to show you our system.

Manhattan Reporting Co., 1325 American Tract Bldg., New York

Government Positions

Nearly 10,000 appointments made last year. Chances better for 1901. Hundreds of those who have been appointed were prepared by mail by us. Ninth year. Full particulars free concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held, our methods, etc. Write to-day.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
13-42 Second National Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

FREE BOOK STORE BY MAIL WHOLESALE PRICES

Write for our catalogue: 416 pages, 6 x 9 inches; postage 6 cents. Advertises **15,000 Books, Bibles, Periodicals, etc., etc., at Wholesale Prices.** All books carried in stock. Best catalogue ever printed and sent free of charge.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, 266-8 Wabash Ave., Chicago

100,000 Given Away. Souvenir Hat Brushes. Send 10c for postage, handling, etc., and we send brush *free.* Aluminum. Great novelty. It popularizes **Dykes Rubber Heel.** You can get our Heel in your town. If not send us outline of heel and 35c.

JOHN L. G. DYKES CO., Dept. F-96-5th Av., Chicago

Learn Telegraphy at Home

Thorough instruction in Commercial and Railway Telegraphy by mail. Graduates assisted to situations. Catalogue free. **National Correspondence School, Oberlin, O.**

100 VISITING CARDS Postpaid 35c

Latest style, with name and address. Order executed day received. Booklet, "CARD STYLE" FREE! Agents wanted.

E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. AND ENG. CO., Dept. B 1, St. Louis, Mo.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

20 MINUTES a day in the study of advertising will fit you for $25 to $50 per week position. Employed graduates prove it. We teach every practical feature by mail. *Write for evidence free.* **Page-Davis Co. Suite 18, 167 Adams St., Chicago**

INFORMATION ABOUT STAMPS.

Important to every collector, old or young. *MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS*, established **Ten Years**, is published every Thursday and costs but **50 Cents Per Year.** Subscribe or send for **Free Sample Copy.** 40-page number just published.

J. A. MEKEEL, Publisher, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Ruby Point
Improves your GRAPHOPHONE

Increases the volume 50 per cent. Sent postpaid to any address for $1.00.

The Ruby Point Co., 19 S. Ninth St., Phila., Pa.

TELEGRAPHY

Best Trade—Quickest learned. Situations furnished in the Railway Service. Half railroad fare paid. School 28 years old. Catalogue free. **Valentines' School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wisconsin.**

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

Largest Nursery. *Fruit Book Free.* Result of 76 years' experience.

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

MR. THOMAS JANVIER, who with his wife has lately arrived in New York, is likely to spend the winter at least in his own country. How much longer no one can tell. Mr. Janvier, with his bushy black beard and his piercing eye, will never look quite at home anywhere outside of that Provence of which he has written so charmingly. Even if in appearance he did not remind one so strongly of Alphonse Daudet, one would at very sight of him think of the sunny south of France. But the Janviers have not lived in Provence for some time. They have the true nomadic habit. Their rooms, where they can stow themselves and find space to unpack Mr. Janvier's boxes of books (for the most part volumes of Provençal poetry), can be made at any time to constitute home.

It is now almost three years since Mr. Janvier went to London, for a short time as he thought, and found himself a place to live at Hampstead, on the northern edge of the metropolis. But the Provençal poetry fitted so neatly into the bookcases of the owner's little den and writing-room, and London gave such a sincere and hearty welcome to the American writer whom it had known and liked before, that the stay was prolonged. New York may presumably be trusted to do its best to keep its latest visitors.

The English Angered by Mr. Davis

For some little time after Mr. Richard Harding Davis' book on the South African War, With Both Armies, had been published in America, there were no announcements, in the English papers, of its approaching appearance, and current gossip had it that almost every London publisher was afraid to have anything to do with it on account of its vigorous advocacy of the Boer cause and its attacks upon the British.

Without inquiring into the merits of Mr. Davis' convictions, it speaks something for his sincerity that, in offending people in London, he is offending a large number of his personal friends.

No American author of recent years has had a more sincere attachment to the English capital, has lived there more pleasantly, or has had more friends and acquaintances in every set. Even when they disagree violently, as do most Englishmen, with Mr. Davis on the question of the war, they are not likely to modify their reception of him greatly the next time he comes to London. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that here and there he may find his welcome grown a little cold. It takes some little sacrifices for a war correspondent to stand by his guns, and Mr. Davis at least ran some risks when he was outspoken.

Mr. Zangwill's Memory

Miss Agnes Repplier and Mr. I. Zangwill have met for the second time. Miss Repplier knows very well the conditions under which they first met, but it seems Mr. Zangwill does not. And thereby hangs a story which, told in Miss Repplier's delightful way, is a choice bit of literary gossip.

The first meeting was at a small dinner-party. The second was at a large reception given in honor of Mr. Zangwill.

The author of The Children of the Ghetto was surrounded by a worshipful circle of women. Miss Repplier approached and some one mentioned her name. Mr. Zangwill sprang forward and in his strident voice said how glad he was to see her again. He took her by both hands, shook them warmly, beamed upon her, and said he was so glad to have the pleasure of meeting her again; he remembered so perfectly how ill she was the last time he had met her; she was such a sufferer from neuralgia and the pain was intense that night. Was she better now? She replied that she felt very well indeed, and that she was most happy to see him again.

Then the buzz began. "What a genius he is!" they said. "Think of his remembering that she had neuralgia when he last met her! Isn't he truly wonderful?' And so on and on until Miss Repplier was fairly besieged with exclamations about the lion's wonderful memory.

"Now, here is where I grow remarkable," says Miss Repplier; "I never breathed it aloud to one person in that worshipful crowd that I never, *never* had a twinge of neuralgia in all my life, and that I was buoyantly well the one night on which I met Mr. Zangwill."

SENT TO ONE OR DIFFERENT ADDRESSES

One of these Free (Cosmopolitan, McClure's or The Ledger Monthly) $2.00

WHEN YOU BUY THE OTHER TWO FROM

FOR ALL THREE

W. H. Moore's Club Agency One Year

TO THE PUBLIC:—**In all my 22 years of experience in this business, during which time I have handled nearly THREE MILLION SUBSCRIPTIONS, I have NEVER known greater clubbing bargains than these, and I advise every one, especially my thousands of old patrons throughout America, to take advantage of these special offers before they expire.—W. H. MOORE.**

SENT TO DIFFERENT ADDRESSES—The periodicals in ANY combination offer will be sent to one or different addresses. Join with your friends and take all. The subscriptions may be either NEW or RENEWALS, except where otherwise stated.

Success	1 year, $1.00	$3.00 (Checks accepted) For all four
Cosmopolitan	1 year, 1.00	
McClure's	1 year, 1.00	
Review of Reviews [new]	1 year, 2.50	
Above with Current Literature [new], making $8.50 worth, for		$3.75
Leslie's Popular Monthly or Munsey's	1 year, $1.00	$4.50 For all six
Review of Reviews [new]	1 year, 2.50	
Current Literature [new]	1 year, 3.00	
Success	1 year, 1.00	
Cosmopolitan	1 year, 1.00	
McClure's	1 year, 1.00	
Current Literature [new]	1 year, $3.00	Cut it in half $3.00 For all three
Bookman	1 year, 2.00	
Cosmopolitan	1 year, 1.00	

	Club Price.	Regular Price
Cosmopolitan, Rev. of Revs. [new], Pub. Opinion [new], and Success	$3.00	$7.00
McClure's, Rev. of Revs. [new], Public Opinion [new], and Success	3.25	7.00
Review of Reviews [new], Bookman and Cosmopolitan	3.25	5.50
Review of Reviews [new], Leslie's and Cosmopolitan	3.00	4.50
Review of Reviews [new], Cosmopolitan, Success, Pearson's	2.75	5.50
Current Literature [new], Cosmopolitan, Leslie's, Black Cat	2.75	5.50
Review of Reviews [new], Cosmopolitan, Success, Black Cat	2.75	5.50
Review of Reviews [new], Munsey's and Cosmopolitan	3.00	4.50
Current Literature [new], Cosmopolitan, Success, McClure's	3.00	6.00
Review of Reviews [new], Bookman, McClure's	3.50	5.50
Review of Reviews [new], Munsey's, Cosmopolitan, Leslie's	3.75	5.50

In any one of above combinations except those including **Success** we will substitute for either **Cosmopolitan** or **Pearson's** either of these two or any of the following: **Everybody's Magazine, Household** [Boston], **Home Magazine** [New York], **Woman's Home Companion, Ledger Monthly** or **Ev'ry Month** at same price for the Club as named. In place of **McClure's** or **Munsey's** in any Club except those containing **Success** may be substituted **Short Stories** [new], **Cassell's Magazine, Cassell's Little Folks, Quiver** [Cassell's], **Delineator, Designer, Munsey's, Junior Munsey, Puritan, McClure's, Leslie's Popular Monthly, Ainslee's, National** or any other dollar magazine except The Ladies' Home Journal or The Saturday Evening Post. In place of **Review of Reviews** [new] except in Clubs containing **Success** may be substituted **Current Literature** [new], **Bookman, Toilettes** or **Country Gentleman.**

WE ALSO FURNISH AS FOLLOWS:

OFFER No. 1

Cosmopolitan	$1.00
Success	1.00
Pearson's	1.00
Everybody's Magazine	1.00
American Kitchen Magazine	1.00
Home Magazine [New York]	1.00
Household [Boston]	1.00
Woman's Home Companion	1.00
Ledger Monthly	1.00
Modern Culture Magazine	1.00
Ev'ry Month	1.00

Any two one full year to one or separate addresses **$1.50** Any three **$2.00**

OFFER No. 2

McClure's Magazine	$1.00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	1.00
Ainslee's Magazine	1.00
Delineator	1.00
Designer	1.00
Munsey's	1.00
Junior Munsey	1.00
Puritan	1.00
National Magazine	1.00
Broadway Magazine	1.00

Any two one full year to one or separate addresses **$1.80**

OFFER No. 3

Review of Reviews [new]	$2.50
Current Literature [new]	3.00
Short Stories [new]	2.50
Bookman	2.00
Toilettes	2.00
Country Gentleman	2.00
Cassell's Magazine	1.50
Cassell's Little Folks	1.50
Quiver [Cassell's]	1.50

Any two one full year to one or separate addresses **$2.75**

OR YOU MAY MAKE UP OTHER CLUBS AS FOLLOWS:

OFFER No. 4

Any one in Offer 1 ..... } The Two
Any one in Offer 2 ..... } $1.75

OFFER No. 5

Any two in Offer 1 ..... } The Three
Any one in Offer 2 ..... } $2.25

OFFER No. 6

Any one in Offer 1 ..... } The Three
Any two in Offer 2 ..... } $2.50

OFFER No. 7

Any one in Offer 1 ..... } The Three
Any one in Offer 2 ..... } $3.00
Any one in Offer 3 ..... }

OFFER No. 8

Any two in Offer 1 ..... } The Three
Any one in Offer 3 ..... } $2.75

OFFER No. 9

Any two in Offer 2 ..... } The Three
Any one in Offer 3 ..... } $3.25

OFFER No. 10

Any one in Offer 1 ..... } The Three
Any two in Offer 3 ..... } $3.25

OFFER No. 11

Any one in Offer 2 ..... } The Three
Any two in Offer 3 ..... } $3.50

OFFER No. 12

Any two in Offer 1 ..... } The Four
Any one in Offer 2 ..... } $3.50
Any one in Offer 3 ..... }

OFFER No. 13

Any three in Offer 1 ..... } The Four
Any one in Offer 3 ..... } $3.25

OFFER No. 14

Outlook or World's Work with any one in Offer 1	$3.50
Outlook or World's Work with any one in Offer 2	3.75
Outlook or World's Work with any one in Offer 3	4.25

	Club Price.	Regular Price
Review of Reviews [new], Success, Cosmopolitan, Century	$6.00	$8.50
Review of Reviews [new], Cosmopolitan and any Harper's	5.45	8.50
Review of Reviews [new], Cosmopolitan, Leslie's Weekly	5.15	7.50
Review of Reviews [new], Success, Cosmopolitan, Outlook	5.25	7.50
Review of Reviews [new], Success, Cosmopolitan, Scribner's	$6.00	$7.50
Review of Reviews [new], Success, Cosmopolitan, Smart Set	4.75	7.50
Review of Reviews [new], Success, Cosmopolitan, World's Work	5.00	7.50

Current Literature [new], or Public Opinion [new], may be substituted for Review of Reviews above

FREE If you will send us **Three** orders for **Any** combinations which include three or more publications, you may have **Free** as your premium a yearly subscription to any $1.00 periodical in the U. S., except The Ladies' Home Journal or The Saturday Evening Post; or we will give for three orders a **new** subscription to Current Literature, price $3.00 per year, or Cassell's Family Magazine, or Cassell's Little Folks or Quiver, price $1.50 per year. Your **Own Club** and **Two** others make **Three Orders.**

$3.00 for $2.00 The **Bookman** or **Toilettes**, the leading fashion magazine, price alone $2.00 a year, with either **Everybody's, Delineator, Pearson's, Cosmopolitan, Success** or **McClure's**, the two one year for $3.00.

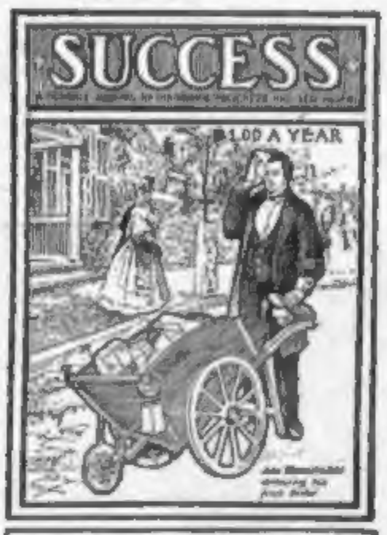
For Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly or Harper's Bazar, add $3.35 to any of the above combinations. Regular price $4.00 a year

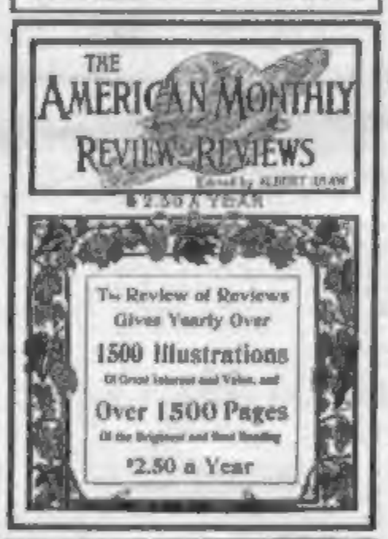
Club Raisers and Agents Wanted to take Orders for our Combination Offers. All Periodicals are Mailed Direct from Publishers to Subscribers

A $750 "MOBILE" FREE TO AGENT SENDING US MOST SUBSCRIPTIONS. Write for particulars. Address all orders to

W. H. MOORE'S CLUB AGENCY, BROCKPORT, N. Y. 40-Page Catalogue of 3000 Periodicals FREE

Order Now or You May Be Too Late




THE AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS
$2.50 A YEAR
The Review of Reviews Gives Yearly Over
1500 Illustrations
Over 1500 Pages
$2.50 a Year

OUR combination clubbing offers have already proved a phenomenal success. At this writing (December 15) we have turned over to one magazine eight times the number of subscriptions that the publishers expected us to send them during the entire season. Our subscription list is increasing so rapidly that we are nearing the limit of our printing plant and we may be compelled to withdraw these offers at an early date. If you would avail yourself of the most extraordinary values ever known in subscriptions, send your orders before February 28, for, after that, it may be too late.

FREE Send **three** orders for **any** of these combination offers and you may have **free**, as your premium, a yearly subscription to **any** periodical named below. (**Your own** and **two other** orders make a club of **three.**) You can thus get a $2.50 magazine **free** for a club of **three.** **FREE**

THE MAGAZINES WILL BE SENT TO ONE OR DIFFERENT ADDRESSES.

Success, 1 Year, . . . **$1.00**
"Success is the world's most helpful magazine."—*Christian Herald.*

Public Opinion, 1 Year (New) **2.50**
McClure's Magazine, or Cosmopolitan may be substituted for Public Opinion.

Review of Reviews, 1 Year (New) **2.50**
McClure's, or Leslie's Monthly, may be substituted for Review of Reviews.

Rand-McNally's Atlas, 1.00
The latest edition of their famous Standard Atlas. Size, 11 x 14 inches.

$7.00 Worth
SEND US ONLY
$2.75
(Checks Accepted)
For all Four

RAND-McNALLY'S NEW STANDARD ATLAS contains the latest and best atlas **War Map of China** in existence, **22 inches wide.** It also contains large and magnificent maps, revised to date, of the **Chinese Empire, Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, Alaska, South Africa, North Polar Regions, and Nicaragua Canal District,** and maps showing every country on the globe. There is a County and Railroad map of every State in the United States. All maps have marginal indexes, and are printed from new and beautiful plates in several colors. Size, open, 14 x 22 inches. **All charges on the Atlas prepaid by us in each case.**

Four More Great Offers

(The Club Price Pays for a Yearly Subscription to each Periodical.)	Club Price	Regular Price
McClure's, Public Opinion (new), Review of Reviews (new), and Success . . for	**$3.25**	$7.00
Success, Public Opinion (new), Review of Reviews (new), and Cosmopolitan for	**3.00**	7.00
McClure's, Pearson's, Cosmopolitan, and Success, one year, and Atlas . . . . for	**3.00**	5.00
Cosmopolitan, Review of Reviews (new), and Success, one year, and Atlas . for	**2.50**	5.50

RULES No periodicals can be substituted in these offers except as follows: McClure's Magazine, The Delineator, Leslie's Monthly, Public Opinion (new), and Review of Reviews (new), may be substituted one for the other. Either Woman's Home Companion, Pearson's, or Cosmopolitan may be substituted for any magazine (not the Atlas) in the above offers, except Success. The periodicals will be sent to one address or different addresses. The subscriptions may be either NEW OR RENEWALS, except to Review of Reviews and Public Opinion, which must be NEW NAMES in each and every case. Foreign postage extra.

PUBLIC OPINION **Is a 32-PAGE WEEKLY MAGAZINE,** giving in its 52 issues a grand total of over 1,700 pages of reading matter and illustrations. **Over 3,000 weekly and daily papers are required to produce one copy of Public Opinion.** Its field is as wide as the range of human interests. Its readers, independent of other periodicals, are fully abreast with the times, sufficiently well informed to appear in any company, and to discuss with intelligence both sides of every question of the hour, whether political, social, religious, educational, literary, or scientific. In its comprehensive view, its impartiality, its conciseness, and its fulness, it is an invaluable epitome of the news and progress of the world. When one reads Public Opinion regularly he feels that he knows everything. **It is issued weekly, and the regular yearly price is $2.50.**

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS **GIVES 1,500 PICTURES and OVER 1,500 PAGES YEARLY.** It selects for its readers the gist of leading articles in other American and foreign magazines. The best-informed people consider it invaluable to them, and to the average man and woman it may be said to be indispensable. It is profusely illustrated with portraits and timely pictures of interest to intelligent readers. In addition to the departments of Editorials and Reviews, there is a whole magazine of original contributed articles on the subjects which progressive men and women must know about. As an education for American citizenship, a monthly reading of the Review of Reviews is unexcelled, for it keeps the reader fully informed on the great political and social problems of the world. **It is issued monthly. Regular price, $2.50 a year.**

"Success" is a Great Family Magazine

SUCCESS is a large and handsome family journal, issued monthly, at One Dollar a year. Each issue contains on an average about 60 pages (size 10 by 14 inches) and a beautiful cover in colors. Every number is magnificently illustrated. SUCCESS is strictly a family journal, and is taken in over 200,000 homes. Its contents are of great variety—always something of especial interest to every member of the family. It is the most helpful and inspiring publication in the world. You can better afford to do without all other periodicals rather than miss reading SUCCESS. In literary and artistic qualities, SUCCESS for 1901 will be unexcelled. A series of brilliant stories, by well-known writers of fiction, are now appearing in its columns. Some of the most famous men and women in the world—leaders in literature, politics, religion, art, science, and industry—will be contributors during 1901.

Read SUCCESS and you will not wait for Great Opportunities—you will make them

SUCCESS puts **dynamite** into every reader. Thousands have testified that their ideals, aims and ambitions in life have been entirely changed by reading SUCCESS, that their lives were turned from paths leading to mediocrity and failure on to the direct road to success. It is a grand magazine of inspiration and self-help to those who long to be somebody and do something in the world, many of whom, hedged in, as it were, by iron walls of circumstance, feel that they have "no chance in life." If you want to know how to make the most of your opportunities, how to make stepping-stones of obstacles, how best to utilize your energy and ambition, how to choose an occupation, how to find your place in life and how to keep it, how to succeed, no matter what your age, sex, occupation or position in life may be, the best magazine in the world for you to read and re-read is SUCCESS.

SUCCESS is as fascinating as a romance; there is intense magnetism in every page. No youth, young man, young woman, student, teacher, clergyman, or business man, can afford to be without this entertaining, instructive and inspiring magazine, and no one can read it without fresh resolution to make the most of himself, and never again to set a cheap estimate upon himself or his opportunities.

Orders and Remittances should be sent direct to us or given to Your Newsdealer. *Address*

McGraw-Marden Co., Publishers of "Success," 123 Washington Square, **New York City**